Stop South Africa Now *The Editors*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Terror in Haiti

A Case Study in Freedom

Robert Debs Heinl Jr.

Vessels of Christ — *Murray Kempton*

After the Deluge, What? — *John Wain*

Baldwin's Protest Play — *Robert Brustein*

Drug Myths — *Hubert H. Humphrey*

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Republican Death-Wish

★ We take a fatherly interest in Republicans. We are willing to advise them any time. We told them how to win in 1960 (nominate Rocky) and they would be in office now if they had listened. Today we have some more advice. Because they might consider TRB a tainted source, we will take it from within the GOP.

In April, 1961, the research staff of the Republican National Committee issued a post mortem on Nixon's narrow defeat and told what the party should not do next time. Here's the gist of it: "The greatest Republican fall-off was in the metropolitan areas – both the big cities and their suburbs – particularly in the northeastern section of the US."

Nixon, let us remind the GOP their report said, carried "only two large pivotal key states (California, Ohio)." Kennedy carried all seven of the other big city-big population states (N.Y., Penn., N.J., Mass., Mich., Ill. and Texas). The study said, "The decline in the Republican vote in the big cities was coupled with a decline in the suburbs." The moral? "Metropolitan areas must continue to be a continuing high-priority objective."

As we say, this grim story of lost Negro, labor and ethnic votes concentrated in the cities comes from the Republicans themselves.

Is the party heeding its own experience? Ha, ha. No, it's death-wish seems again dominant. It loves Barry. How would Goldwater appeal to the Eastern "metropolitan areas"? To Negro wards he offers opposition to civil rights. To labor he offers anti-labor views. To worried city dwellers he offers steady opposition to federal aid for housing, urban renewal, mass transportation and community facilities. His opposition isn't just sporadic, it is steady, consistent, emotional. For slum dwellers he offers opposition to broader minimum wage coverage and social security. A man less likely to attract "metropolitan areas" would be hard to find; it would take some imagination to invent him.

It's not really very funny. We all have a stake in the GOP and a strong two-party system. But how can one stop Republicans from pounding their heads against a wall and imagining it's AD 1900? Liberal Senator Javits (R, NY), in his current book, *Order of Battle*, notes that the party has controlled the White House only eight of the past 32 years; Congress only four of the past 32 years; and that recent opinion polls show that the number of Americans who consider themselves Republicans is declining – 27 percent, compared to 49 percent Democrats and 24 percent Independent.

There is a curious parallelism, incidentally, between William Jennings Bryan and Barry. Each was a radical (one on the Right; one on the Left); each appealed to the periphery rather than the center; and each drew his strength in the South and Midwest. The moral ought to be clear. Once Democrats nominated Bryan, they were stuck with him for three defeats.

Votes in Poverty

★ The most interesting question in Washington still is, Where does Johnson stand? On one item he gave a highly significant comment last week to a labor group: if private business, after its tax cut, he said, can't bring full employment, "we will step up our program of public works."

Make no doubt of it, this is important. No other big nation would accept our 5.4 percent unemployment rate for a minute. Unemployment is synonymous with poverty. LBJ has launched a token "war on poverty" which at least recognizes the problem. But we think the amount proposed is peanuts. As Swedish economist Gunnar Myrdal so unsympathetically said, "LBJ is the first President since Roosevelt who smelled votes in poverty."

This is the big economic question of our time. We simply don't believe that private business is going to generate enough new spending power to get full employment. The government is reducing defense spending (good) and LBJ shows an inclination to expand civil spending equivalently (good, too). But we don't think that a mere balance will be enough.

The government ought to spend more, and use the federal budget to fight unemployment. A labor and public welfare subcommittee under Senator Clark (D, Pa.), recently recommended $5 billion additional annual federal expenditures in the starved public sector. We think circumstances are going to force such spending before long, and recent statements by President Johnson indicate that he may very well understand the situation.

Who Ike Likes

★ A lot of Republicans have been seeing Ike recently in swank Palm Springs, California, urging him to save the party from Barry. Between golf rounds he indicates the following. He doesn't like Barry. He doesn't much like Rocky, Dickie, Cabot, Harold or Maggie either. He does like Scranton, and thinks the strongest ticket would be Scranton-Kuchel. But he isn't going to say so publicly. In fact, all the pressure on Ike to save the party is having just the opposite effect; he figures that if visitors are so scared of Goldwater, the latter is probably in. And he would back Barry against Johnson. The latter, you see, has been hinting recently that it was his cooperation in foreign affairs that saved the Eisenhower Administration for eight years. Ike doesn't particularly like that.

Only Sane Man

★ Last week Kennedy Washington, 26, colored, of Passaic, N. J., rose in the Senate visitors' gallery and publicly complained that only five Senators were on the floor in the civil rights filibuster, and that only two were debating. He was hustled off, unresisting, to the DC General Hospital for mental observation. It struck us at the time that he was probably the only sane man in the place.

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THE STAFF

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Publisher – Robert B. Luce
Circulation Manager – Bertha Lehman
Business Manager – Glenon Matthiesen
New York Advertising Representative – Roland Gomez, Murray Hill Advertising Inc., 64 East 34th St., New York, N.Y. 10016

Stop South Africa Now

The United States and Britain have a special responsibility for South Africa, which constantly offers the Chinese the chance they are obviously seeking to kindle a race war in the "imperialists' " backyards. Dr. Verwoerd, the Prime Minister of South Africa and the architect of *apartheid*, claims to represent Western civilization in Africa and is visibly buttressed and encouraged by increasing American and British investment in his country. The hard truth is that the white minority there, who are outnumbered almost four to one by the blacks over whom they rule, have never had it so good, because of the American and British money that is being poured into South Africa's gold and diamond mines and secondary industries. The other side of the South African coin is less glittering. Writing from Johannesburg last year, the eminent American theologian, Dr. Henry Van Dusen, bitterly noted that every American and British investor in South Africa's current boom is participating, even if indirectly, in cruel oppression and "aggravation of the violence, the bloodshed and the brutality that daily increase" there. And, last month, the Archbishop of Johannesburg – who is followed wherever he goes by *apartheid* police seeking to catch him fracturing a race law by being over-friendly with a "native" – issued a solemn warning that, if *apartheid* is allowed to go on much longer, there is bound to be "appalling bloodshed."

These are not idle warnings. South Africa has been condemned by all the members of the United Nations except Portugal. Last December, the Security Council declared that the situation in South Africa was "seriously disturbing international peace and security." But this cuts no ice with Dr. Verwoerd, whose horizon has never stretched far beyond Stellenbosch, except briefly during World War II when the newspaper he edited was condemned by a South African high court judge for being a willing tool of the German Nazis. Verwoerd, and the small white tribe of which he is both chief and witch doctor, go on chiseling out their crude concept of a state dedicated to the proposition of white supremacy, in which all men will be forever unequal, those with black skins being condemned to perpetual inferiority, and those with white skins destined to be always *baas*. In order to maintain this rigid caste system in a changing Africa and a changing world, Dr. Verwoerd has to resort of course to increasing terrorization. The white police opened fire, at Sharpeville in 1960, after which the African organizations that oppose the white supremacists resolved on sabotage. Some of the leaders were caught and are now on trial

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for their lives, as described by a special correspondent on page 21 of this issue.

One reason why Verwoerd is indifferent to world opinion is that he equates it with the outcries of the world's non-white people, whom he holds in contempt and who were once described by one of his Cabinet colleagues as "a bunch of Siamese and God knows what." In spite of the strictures of the Security Council, Verwoerd does not believe he has anything to fear from the two countries that could really hurt him, the US and Britain. Why should he, when they arm him as well as supply him with ample funds? For this reason, Verwoerd is unlikely to lose much sleep over the latest UN report, which called on him to amnesty his political prisoners, to repeal the laws that force non-whites to obey curfews and to carry police passes whenever they venture out of doors, and to dismantle the grotesque "Group Areas Act" which compels Africans, Indians and people of mixed blood to live in separate ghettoes. The report also urged Verwoerd to permit a national convention to be attended by South Africans of every race, to decide on the country's future, and suggested that this might pave the way for a constituent assembly, a new constitution and free elections to a representative parliament. It even suggested that the UN assist and supervise the elections.

Dr. Verwoerd is more likely to laugh than to hurry to obey; but his mirth could just conceivably be short-lived. For the report went on to say that if no satisfactory reply is received from South Africa, the Security Council ought to apply economic sanctions. The General Assembly called for these already and some member states applied them, but not South Africa's chief providers: the UN report admitted that sanctions to succeed must be complete. It is therefore up to the US and Britain, for if they acted, a country like Japan, which at present puts trade before racial insult, would be under considerable pressure to follow their example. Between them, the US and Britain account for 40 percent of South Africa's exports and 50 percent of its imports. Britain it is reckoned would suffer a $560 million loss on its balance of payments by cutting trade with South Africa.

But Britain at one time successfully organized a blockade of the profitable slave trade. And, 58 years ago, American public opinion became so incensed by white atrocities in the Belgian Congo that President Roosevelt, urged by Henry Cabot Lodge, offered to join Britain in action against King Leopold II – who capitulated and introduced reforms. Dr. Verwoerd is just sufficiently aware of world opinion to profess to be giving some of his more rural Africans some local self-government; if the US and Britain quit filling his pockets whilst shaking a finger at him, he might take them seriously enough to introduce reforms also.

Wallace in Alabama . . .

Governor George C. Wallace may have some, great or no appreciable effect on national Democratic trends. But he has had a shattering effect on Alabama politics. Wallace emerged from the rough and tumble of the state's Democratic politics fundamentally in the Populist image. He had floor-led and campaigned for Big Jim Folsom, and advocated and worked for spending programs aimed at benefiting the Alabama masses. At one time he was even acceptable to Negroes. He directed passage of more legislation to help higher learning and the public schools than any governor before him, and he welcomed federal funds for roads, school-support programs and the Marshall Space Flight Center. In this, he was the conventional Southern governor, ready to take the federals for everything that he thought they were worth.

But he is the first governor in modern times to oppose the incumbent President's renomination. He euchred the state Democratic executive committee into requiring all convention delegates to be pledged to him until released, and there is a growing prospect that Alabama's next governor will be the man George Wallace says should follow him. Wallace in the regular legislative session next year could win enactment of a law allowing the governor to succeed himself. If he wants a second tenure, he will get it without serious difficulty, judging by his current popularity. All of this means that traditional checks and balances within the state's ruling Democratic Party have been almost wholly destroyed. It is a one-man party now. Senators Lister Hill and John Sparkman may yet retain some slight edge of favor among voters, but if so it is because of prominence in the civil rights battle. All liberal House members are even more worried. The Republicans provide a pitiful sight. A Gadsden oil distributor, James D. Martin, ran Senator Hill ragged in 1962 to lose only by some 7,000 votes (Martin says a true count would have shown him winner). But Martin, at the very time he may be on the way to giving Alabama a Republican in the US House, has had his party usurped by Wallace. Though Wallace is willing to take federal tax dollars, he is not grateful for them; he charges they're the public's – Alabama's – dollars. His every utterance about centralized powers in Washington and states' rights cuts the ground out from under the feet of the Alabama Republican Party.

The Wallace plan patently is to dominate state politics, more than has any man in post-Civil War history. It is common assumption that the present lieutenant-governor, James Allen, will be his man to run against Senator Sparkman in 1966. Wallace, assuming he is able to keep his troops in satisfactory readiness during a hiatus, likely can take Hill. What George Wallace has

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done and seems likely to continue effectively to do is to create an Alabama that is isolated not only from the nation but from the rest of the South as well.

Though it is hard to believe, the evidence indicates that such political loneliness is precisely what a great majority of white Alabamans desire. Alabama's association through the Democratic Party with a leadership in Washington that is concerned about raising the standards of the Deep South's people has brought the state dams, roads, military installations, agricultural supports and aids, mortgage insurance, social security and other welfare funds and federal or federal-related contracts. But Alabamans are either ignorant of this or have forgotten it and are rabidly anti-federal, even beyond civil rights. Alabama Democrats who know the facts were silent too often when attacks were made on federal programs. Few came forward to set the record straight. The revived spirit of a rebellious Confederacy was encouraged. When an intemperate anti-federalism, an anti-national Democratic Party emotion was cultivated, too often it seemed politically risky to speak out boldly in contradiction. The field was left to Wallace, and it may be years before Alabama is brought to a temperate political condition.

. . . and in Maryland

It seems probable that Governor George Wallace will receive more than a token vote in the Maryland Presidential primary. He symbolizes opposition to the pending civil rights bill and there is more than token opposition to the bill above as well as below the Potomac. Moreover the opposition to Wallace has been clumsily handled by the Democratic administration in Maryland. Strong objection to Governor Tawes' organization has resulted in a hot fight for the Senatorial nomination between Louis Goldstein, backed by the governor, and Joseph Tydings, representing the opposition. When Wallace entered the primary, it became necessary to nominate a favorite-son candidate as a stand-in for President Johnson; and instead of selecting some neutral character, the Tawes administration chose Senator Brewster, original campaign manager for Goldstein, thus linking Goldstein to Brewster in the minds of the more embittered Tydings men. It will cause few of them to go over to Wallace, but it may cause some to refuse to vote in the Presidential primary, thereby lifting the segregationist's percentage. If Wallace, in spite of this, gets only a token vote, the political prognosticators will indeed have cause to take note.

President Johnson has said he will take no part in any primary. But stand-in Daniel B. Brewster has not been at a loss for words. Last week, he called Wallace "a professional liar, a bigot and an aspiring dictator."

"Super Investigation"

The cattlemen's wrath has widened to embrace not only beef imports but also the big corporations that operate large chains of food stores and, they say, control the cattle market ("Big Beef on the Range," *NR*, March 7). They want imports cut, and the supermarkets to be investigated. And so does President Johnson, an old cattle raiser himself who told his Easter Saturday press conference at his Texas ranch home that retail meat prices had gone up after cattle prices had gone down. Bureau of Labor Statistics figures show, however, that retail meat prices declined last year, but only by 5.6 percent compared with the 12 percent drop in cattle prices. The food chains maintain that retail prices have not dropped further because of higher labor, transportation and other costs. Last week Mr. Johnson told the military to eat still more beef.

At his earlier conference the President renewed his request that Congress set up a bipartisan commission to investigate the vast changes in food marketing during the last 30 years. The commission, first suggested by Mr. Johnson in his farm message last January, would be made up of five Senators, five Representatives and five persons chosen by the President. Such an investigation would concentrate on the food chains, 100 of which now sell half of all the food that is being purchased by housewives.

When it was first put forward, the President's proposal was regarded as an effort to get more headlines for his farm message, but cattlemen seized on the idea of investigating food chains to divert the blame for falling cattle prices from their own overproduction – which economists agree is the primary reason for the sharp break in prices; last year beef production exceeded consumption by 10 percent. Although this percentage is the same as beef imports, the two figures are not comparable because imports are made up of cheap beef which is in short supply in the United States. Not enough hamburger and hot dog beef was being produced here, because under the stimulus of high prices cattlemen had been postponing the slaughter of cows to get more calves from them.

These facts have not deterred Western Senators like Gale W. McGee (D, Wyo.), who faces a close fight for re-election and has pounced on the supermarket issue. He has already held hearings on the President's general proposal as well as on one he is riding himself – a Federal Trade Commission investigation of the chains.

Although the supermarket is considered a wonder of the modern world and has been one of the most popular American exhibits at international trade fairs, the National Farmers Union and some other farm lobbies have long alleged that a few chains control the cattle market and set prices, that retail prices fail to

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reflect declines in farm prices and that the chains are the ones responsible for the farmers' cost-price squeeze.

No investigation, however, is likely to break up the giants of food retailing. The corner grocery store has given way to the supermarket big enough to get lost in largely because the food chains are far more efficient than the Mom and Pop stores – just as big ranches are more profitable than small ones.

Do You Need A Dentist?

A young Negro woman living in the Nation's Capital discovered the racial facts of life in Washington when she developed a raging toothache. She was new to the neighborhood and had not been to a dentist there before, so her husband got out the yellow pages of the Chesapeake & Potomac Telephone Co. There, under the heading, "Dentists," he came across the following ad:

DENTAL BUREAU
— REFERRALS ONLY —
REpublic 7-4600
FOR DENTAL EMERGENCY - 24 HOURS
ALSO
FOR HELP IN SELECTING A DENTIST
FOR NEW RESIDENTS OF THE AREA
Operated For The Public's Welfare & Convenience
BY THE
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA DENTAL SOCIETY

The woman called the bureau, which quickly referred her to a dentist; but his schedule was so full that he suggested another on the list. An appointment was made with this second dentist, and the next day the woman entered his office. She waited for what seemed like a long time before the dentist himself appeared and announced abruptly, "I don't treat Negroes here." Whereupon she fled in tears, and subsequently found a Negro dentist who did help her.

Even though much of Washington is still completely segregated, her husband felt that this was a bit much since his wife had merely followed the directions of the advertisement in an emergency. Washington may not be terribly civilized, but at least Negroes do gain entrance to hospital emergency rooms. Why shouldn't they get similar treatment when their teeth hurt?

However, when she was told what had happened, a woman at the district dental society said, "It's a pathetic situation. We try to help both patients and doctors. If it were up to the doctors, they don't care. In school, they worked on both whites and Negroes." But, she added, if a Negro patient walked into a waiting room all the white patients were likely to disappear. "We can't force the doctor. The man's future is at stake."

When a man at the advertising concern that handles the telephone company's yellow page accounts was asked if he did not feel the advertisement was slightly misleading, he said he would be glad to look into the matter, but really, they had little control over what their customers said.

Meanwhile, the husband of the woman with the bad tooth called up a Negro dentist association. There he was told to leave matters alone for fear a court suit might ensue. He persisted, and called the Washington Human Relations Commission, an organization that tries to solve racial disputes. There he was told the commission was concentrating on housing and employment. A second call to the commission brought the suggestion that if the husband were to write out a complaint and send it in, the commission might open negotiations with the district dental society in hopes it might agree to steering Negro patients to doctors who would treat them.

JAMES RIDGEWAY

How to Lie Successfully to the Lie Detector

The House committee looking into the use of polygraphs, or lie detectors, has not yet completed its task, but indications are that its preliminary disclosures have forced a major change in the use of these machines by the federal government.

The Defense Department has directed the Army, Navy, Air Force, Joint Chiefs of Staff, and National Security Agency to take every precaution not to invade anybody's personal or Constitutional rights when making polygraph tests. Now they have to get their victims' written consent, and must advise them if answers are being taped, or if the victims are to be watched through a two-way mirror. Both civilians and members of the armed forces can now refuse a polygraph test without stigma being attached to the refusal, according to the new policy.

One of the first surprises uncovered by Representative John E. Moss (D, Calif.) and his investigative subcommittee was the widespread use of the polygraph by the federal government. About 20 US agencies gave more than 23,000 lie-detector tests last year; the Defense Department alone tested more than 15,000 persons. Federal agencies have bought more than 525 of

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the machines, at a cost of some $450,000, and keep a staff of 650 employees to operate them at an annual budget of $4.4 million.

In return for this massive effort at lie detection, the authorities have got miles of inked tape, filled with squiggles capable of widely-varied interpretations, depending on the skill of the polygraph-machine operator.

As explained in the hearings, the polygraph is a device which measures electronically three variable bodily functions: blood pressure, breathing and sweat gland activity. These usually are recorded at the same time, on a single, continuously moving tape, to provide a rough and ready measurement of a person's emotional state as it changes from moment to moment – "a primitive technique," is what Dr. John I. Lacey, of Antioch College, called it in his testimony as an expert witness before the Moss subcommittee.

Horrible examples of errors were given: one was what a mystery story writer might call the "Case of the Double Mabels." A prime murder suspect was given a polygraph test by the police, and asked, after suitable preliminary questioning, "Did you kill Mabel?" His answer was a cool, calm and collected "No." The polygraph registered hardly a tremor. Later, when the suspect had been convicted of killing Mabel, he explained why his lie went undetected. It seemed that in his nervous confusion he was thinking, at the time the deadly question was asked, about a *different* Mabel. Since this particular Mabel was very much alive, he naturally – and truthfully – denied killing her.

This is one way to beat a lie detector. Another way, the subcommittee learned, is to maintain a constant state of uneasiness, wriggling and squirming in your seat. Such variable muscular tension throws off the whole instrumentation process.

The vice president of a Southern bank was told emphatically that he "lied" when he denied he had ever stolen any money from his bank. The psychiatrist who told the story of the phony felony explained to the subcommittee that the bank officer was not under suspicion at the time he took the polygraph test, though he was after the test was completed. The officers of the bank all took the test as part of a routine precaution suggested by a bonding company concerned over bank thefts. "More bank tellers than the banks like to admit are in the habit of 'borrowing' money from their cash drawer overnight or for a few days," the subcommittee was told. When asked, "Do you know anyone who has been stealing money from the bank or its customers?" the vice president broke out in a cold sweat as he quavered a denial. In the polygraph operator's words: "blood pressure, pulse positive, strong. Breathing pattern positive. Sweat gland activity positive. Conclusion: specific reaction indicative of deception."

Some experts claim an 80-percent accuracy score for the polygraph, but for some law enforcers it is just a good way to get confessions. Strapped into a chair that bears an uncomfortable resemblance to the electric chair, a felony suspect is first told bluntly that this machine will infallibly detect any lies that he might tell, and then bombarded with question after question about his whereabouts at the time of the crime.

Summing up the doubts and fears that many responsible people have about the widespread use of polygraphs, Representative Moss says: "The pattern at the moment is one of rapid growth and expansion of the use of these imperfect instruments in the hands of inadequately-trained, imperfect individuals; [it] constitutes a major invasion of the privacy of individuals not even suspected of crime, where the price they must pay for seeking employment is probing on a broad basis in their subconscious mind . . . dossiers are built up and transferred from one employer to another and permanent prejudice can be created." ROBERT BURKHARDT

Policy Debate in Moscow

The rules of the Soviet Communist Party speak of the "monolithic unity" of its ranks. But the evidence suggests that Khrushchev, while apparently no longer threatened as in 1957 with the possibility of overthrow at the hands of a coalition of opponents, has more than once in recent years had to retreat, backtrack and maneuver in the face of opposition to his views. Close study of the Soviet press shows that Khrushchev has repeatedly in public speeches proposed policy measures or formulations that either were not embodied in subsequent official party resolutions or were adopted in an incomplete, watered-down version. For instance, in a major speech of January 17, 1961, to a plenary session of the Party Central Committee, he advocated a strong emphasis on increasing consumer-goods production that was conspicuously missing from the decree embodying the session's final decision.

The internal policy debate is not carried on in the way that is customary in a democracy. The leaders do not publicly acknowledge and debate their differences. They do, however, manage to give expression to them in more or less subtle ways that are understood by the politically-sophisticated minority, if not by the masses. Key political symbols (Stalin, Lenin, etc.) are manipulated for polemical purposes. Certain ideological formulas are emphasized or de-emphasized to make a political point, or to parry one. Occasionally, a Soviet politician will vaguely allude to policy differences by criticizing a position taken by "some persons," or will attribute an opponent's views to "bourgeois thinkers." In this fashion he succeeds in both veiling the fact of internal disagreement and discrediting the opponent.

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And finally, the debate is reflected in the way in which news is edited in the Soviet press. For the Soviet press, while controlled as ever, is no longer fully monolithic; various political groups in the leadership have different shares of control over different newspapers.

In the post-Stalin era, the internal debate has revolved around a host of specific policy issues – how to allocate Soviet investment resources as between heavy industry and consumer goods; whether to cultivate the marginal "virgin lands" in the east; whether to preserve or abolish the state-owned machine and tractor stations; whether to authorize public criticism of Stalin and how far to go in this; whether to conclude a nuclear test ban and other agreements with the West and on what terms; whether to take a strong or conciliatory stand in the conflict with Red China, and so on.

But positions taken on these concrete issues are largely determined by the broader policy orientation of Soviet politicians; by their stand with regard to the over-all direction of internal and foreign policy and the development of Soviet society as a whole. One such general policy orientation is conservative or neo-Stalinist. While not opposing *all* change, its adherents tend to remain more or less faithful to ways of thought, political practices, institutional arrangements and ideological formulas that were characteristic of Soviet Communism in the Stalin era. They are, consequently, opposed – as is the dominant faction in the leadership of Communist China – to any sharp condemnation of the late dictator; for the discrediting of Stalin is a means of preparing the ground for departures from the Stalinist pattern of policy. Though it has fought on the whole a losing battle, this group has at various times been strong enough to oppose successfully the implementation of a contrary policy orientation, that may be called "modernist" and has numbered Khrushchev among its most influential proponents.

The modernist orientation is more critical of the Stalin heritage, and more willing to experiment with new institutional forms (even workers' councils, to judge by Chairman Khrushchev's recently expressed interest in this Yugoslav Communist institution). While no less firmly committed than the neo-Stalinists to the fundamentals of Communism as an ideology and social system, the modernists show a more pragmatic turn of mind.

In internal affairs, the conservatives favor giving strong priority to heavy industry expansion, whereas the modernists have pressed and continue to press for sharply-increased investment in light industry and consumer goods, even at the expense of cuts in the military budget (a circumstance which helps explain the support the conservative policy gets from certain Soviet military leaders). The conservatives place more reliance on police coercion, administrative controls and ideological indoctrination in dealing with the population, whereas the modernists tend to rely more on material incentives and the growth of welfare as means of social control. The conservatives favor continued, centralized bureaucratic administration of the economy and the society; the modernists stress more regional autonomy, decentralization and social spontaneity.

The modernists justify their preference for a more conciliatory policy by arguing that the resulting relaxation of tensions will permit swifter Soviet economic progress, which will in turn enhance the attractiveness of the "Soviet model" for the underdeveloped countries, and thus indirectly promote the eventual spread of the Communist system. Since arms control and disarmament represent a potential field for East-West agreements that would make possible some reallocation of Soviet resources in the consumer-welfare direction, they show a positive interest in arms control and disarmament, including the reduction of military budgets.

These differences have been reflected in the reporting by the Soviet press of remarks by President Johnson on US policy and the Geneva disarmament talks. *Izvestia*, which is edited by Khrushchev's son-in-law Adzhubei and usually takes the modernist line, has pointedly included in its Washington coverage those statements by Mr. Johnson that show a conciliatory attitude toward the Soviet Union and an interest in making progress at Geneva; *Pravda*, in which the conservative orientation has been strongly represented of late, has tended to omit hopeful and positive expressions by the President, and thereby to highlight his anti-Communist militancy. In publishing a Tass cable from Washington on a news conference held at the beginning of February, *Izvestia* printed – while *Pravda* deleted – a comment by the President that the US government is doing all it can to develop fresh initiatives and ideas that might lead to the goal of disarmament. Again, the Tass report on the President's State of the Union message in January included in *Izvestia's* version, but omitted in *Pravda's*, a statement of American intention to take new steps and present fresh proposals at Geneva.

These discrepancies scarcely match the dramatic division of December, 1954, when a divergence between *Pravda* and *Izvestia* about the late Stalin revealed the struggle going on behind the scenes between Khrushchev and Malenkov. They do, however, expose divisions within the Soviet leadership over what is desirable and possible in Soviet-American relations, particularly in the field of arms control and disarmament.

ROBERT C. TUCKER

ROBERT C. TUCKER *is professor of politics at Princeton University and is the author of a recently published book,* The Soviet Political Mind.

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FOREIGN REPORTS

CYPRUS: *Fulbright's Task*

★ The brooding fortress castle of St. Hilarion, hewn from soaring granite peaks of the Kyrenia Mountains, has defied attack since the 15th Century. Whoever holds it has the initiative in northern Cyprus, a slice of the island long coveted by the Turkish Cypriot minority, who see communal partition as the best way to settle the current civil war. Early this year, Turkish Cypriots occupied the castle and six miles of adjoining mountains, and their guns commanded both the winding coastal road and the strategic, 16-mile road from Nicosia, capital of Cyprus. Greek villagers in the foothills were under sniper fire; no shepherd dared graze his flocks.

Then 300 Greek Cypriots recaptured all territory except the castle, in a pre-dawn raid in which they clawed their way up the punishing cliffsides barefooted, then converged on startled Turks in their emplacements. Some Turks surrendered, or were killed, but some escaped to the castle beyond, after which the United Nations managed to get a cease-fire.

The UN peacekeeping force in Cyprus includes 546 Irish, 700 Swedes and a battalion of Canadians. It mediates where it can, sets up watchdog posts at danger points, or temporarily occupies disputed territory. It can apply moral pressure by the threat of public accusation, and this may prove the most effective, as both sides are sensitive to world public opinion, especially on the heels of atrocity stories.

The President of Cyprus, Archbishop Makarios, has been accused of using the UN force as a shield against a Turkish invasion of Cyprus while proceeding to crush the Turkish Cypriots. Many Greek Cypriots believe that the best tactic for handling the UN is to move speedily in sharp surprise attacks and confront the UN with a *fait accompli*. Cyprus government circles, pessimistic about peace, are convinced that the Turks will put up a fierce fight because they have no alternative. There are too many dead – 500 Turkish Cypriots alone and scores missing – to make even a face-saving solution now possible for the Turkish community's leadership. As the Greeks have intensified their fight against the Turks on Cyprus, Turkey is vengefully penalizing the Greek minority in Turkey. And there are fears that both Turkey and Makarios will try to bring Khrushchev into the quarrel on their side, and that Cyprus could become a Mediterranean Cuba. This was the situation that President Johnson last week sent Senator Fulbright, the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, to investigate.

TAIWAN: *Chiang Is Beaten*

★ In three major cities and one prefecture, candidates of President Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang Party were beaten by opposition candidates in recent elections. Henry Kao, an independent, was elected mayor of Taipei, the capital city with a population of one million. Kao was running against the Kuomintang candidate, Dr. Chou Pai-lien, who got the full support of Chiang's party and the local press. Two other opposition candidates were elected to mayoral positions: in Keelung, the major port city of Formosa, and in Tainan, the seat of the most articulate and active Taiwan independence movement. A third became head of Taitung prefecture.

These elections are the worst rebuff the mainland-oriented party has had from the Taiwan populace. There is an increasing feeling that more people should become actively involved in the government. Chiang's regime holds tight control over the lives of over 12 million people on the island. The only posts in which they have a say were the ones open in recent elections.

Chiang's losses are related to France's recognition of Peking; also, in the past six months Japan has been making overtures to Peking, and there is fear that if Taiwan continues solely in the hands of mainlanders, the government might want to cut off trade with Japan for "moral considerations." Trading companies that depend on Japanese business are owned by Taiwanese.

MALAYSIA: *The Growing Danger*

★ Tenku Abdul Rahman's recent sweeping victory in the local Malayan elections, which he fought almost exclusively on a platform of defiance of Indonesia, amounted to an all but total expression of national unity. His Malay-Indian-Chinese Alliance Party won 89 of the 104 seats and nearly eliminated the communal Pan-Malayan Islamic Party and the left-wing Socialist Front, who both opposed the creation of Malaysia and oppose Rahman's Western-oriented defense, foreign and economic policies. Malaya is one of several states that make up Malaysia.

It was a remarkable achievement. Ten years ago many, perhaps most, of the Chinese population of Malaya looked to Peking. Even two years ago, few Malay villages did not proudly display pictures of President Sukarno. Today, neither Mao Tse-tung nor Sukarno commands the same attention from the Malayan people. Malaysia has become a state in something much more than name, and Malaya and its diverse people are a willing part of it.

Several factors, some of them contradictory, have combined to bring about this cohesion and unity. Al-

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though the Alliance Party began as an uneasy coalition of Malay feudal paternalism and Indian and Chinese commerce, it has survived to cut across the dangerous communal lines and to create a sense of national identity. Without this inter-racial alliance or its equivalent, and without someone of the Tenku's modest and genial qualities to lead it, communal troubles could scarcely have been avoided. But Sukarno, hoping to dismember the Malayan people, succeeded in bringing them together. The Malayan election was a reminder that the Southeast Asia scene is not as bleak as it sometimes seems. This does not mean there will be less danger. On the contrary, the consequences of Malayan defiance of Sukarno will certainly be dangerous.

In the remote jungles of Sarawak, the Indonesians could keep up their guerrilla war for years. Patience and advice restrained the Malayans from crossing the Indonesian border to attack the guerrillas' pinpointed base camps. Now, with similar camps operating in the Riau Archipelago within sight of Singapore, Malayan patience is wearing thin.

GREAT BRITAIN: *Wilson's Magic*

★ The great Conservative government, which will have had all but 13 years in power when it is defeated next October, is now breaking up. It is not just that the Tories are trailing impossibly in the opinion polls: the most reliable poll suggests that up to 140 Tories could be unseated, which would give Harold Wilson a bigger parliamentary majority than Clement Attlee's in the bright socialist dawn of 1945.

The classic British recipe for electoral success is full employment, favorable terms of trade and an expanding economy. All these exist. The Tories have mounted a massive program of public expenditures on schools, universities, housing, hospitals and roads (with success in about that order): massive enough for Labour's "shadow Chancellor," Jim Callaghan, to admit that he would not dare to spend more. So, Sir Alec Douglas-Home asks, what on earth has gone wrong? Is this not the government which presided over the greatest decade of capital accumulation since the railway boom of the last century? Is this not the government which, in the past 18 months, has pushed Britain almost to the top of the economic growth table?

The Conservatives are tearing themselves apart because they do not know why they are losing. Can it just be the accumulated unpopularity, the weariness, the mistakes, the Profumos of 13 years in power? Maybe. But where the Conservatives have really failed has been in never managing to expose the continuing weakness of Labour's alternative. The Tories have been dazzled by Wilson; they are afraid of him and his tongue as they never were of Gaitskell. Gaitskell admitted weaknesses by trying to repair them. Wilson's genius is to admit nothing. The proof of his pudding will come only after the British electorate has eaten it – which it will assuredly do in October.

Myths About Federal Drug Policies

by Hubert H. Humphrey

One of the most delicate balancing acts in the US government is performed in its so-called "Fourth Branch" – the regulatory agencies. None has a more difficult or important mission – protecting the public health – than the Food and Drug Administration. In regulating the vast drug industry, for example, FDA must both encourage the development of powerful new drugs and help minimize their possible danger.

So long as the FDA contented itself with routine inspection and mild scientific review, industry praised it. Now that the agency appears to have recovered from its "tired blood," its image has changed. It is pictured as an "octopus," grabbing for power. We are told that firm drug regulation is "unnecessary," "harmful," "illegal," "unfair." Such criticism is old hat to most conscientious regulatory agencies, but it should be answered, lest the FDA be pressured back into feeble ineffectuality.

In many respects, FDA – undermanned, underappreciated – has done a remarkable job. The object of its regulation – the American drug industry – is, in most respects, a model of dynamic, enlightened free enterprise. The mass of its products – which you and I buy with confidence at our neighborhood pharmacy – are universally respected as the best, the purest, available anywhere in the world. Drug research and development

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have helped transform diagnostic, curative and restorative medicine. The result has been incalculable victories over pain, disability and death.

But from here on opinions divide. Facts are blurred by widely-advertised fictions, and it is these fictions which I wish to examine.

MYTH NUMBER 1 – *Drugs are as safe as can reasonably be expected.*

The record says otherwise. FDA now admits that many drugs, for example, MER/29 (an anti-cholesterol agent), Altafur (against bacteria) and Entoquel (for baby diarrhea) should never have been released. Other drugs should have been removed from the market much earlier, when side effects mounted. These include Marsilid (a psychic energizer), which caused not less than 253 cases of liver damage, including 54 deaths, and Orabilex (a gall bladder dye), which took 17 lives in the Baltimore-Washington area alone. Other dangerous drugs have silently disappeared from the market, unbeknownst to anyone, including FDA.

What is known is that, two years after MER/29's "voluntary" withdrawal, the company and three scientists pleaded *nolo contendere* to criminal charges of suppressing and altering test results. In another case, a Maryland physician who received $13,000 in one year for his assembly-line reports on drugs (favorable, naturally) is now awaiting criminal trial for inventing test results.

While much drug testing in recent years has been superb, other testing has been slipshod, poorly planned, poorly controlled and poorly conducted. Many "scientific reports" in testing have consisted of worthless, unsubstantiated testimonials.

MYTH NUMBER 2 – *The Kefauver-Harris Law corrected all major drug problems.*

Like most myths, this one is grounded on some fact. The worst abuses were corrected; others remained untouched in the final version of the bill. In any event, law does not administer itself. FDA has shown a disturbing tendency to follow the line of least resistance when the agency's authority is contested. Much depends on the agency's future willingness to use its authority. Beginning in October of this year, after the law's two-year transitional period, FDA can rule off the market – or require relabeling of – many drugs which, doctors say, are "safe," but worthless. How vigorously the agency will use this power to evaluate drug efficacy remains to be seen.

MYTH NUMBER 3 – *Now that FDA has been given increased funds and manpower, it is bound to do a better job in drug regulation.*

This, naturally, is FDA's pet myth, and there's some truth in it. For example, only now does FDA have the resources to fulfill what has heretofore been an almost impossible assignment for its overworked career servants. But the agency's principal lack in past years was not manpower; it was will-power. Unlike its crusading founder, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the agency got into the habit of "playing it safe." It picked easy targets. In two decades, FDA rarely volunteered a word to Congress about any abuses by a powerful adversary – some makers of prescription drugs.

Skeptics still feel that FDA may compromise with the public health at the first loud bark. At industry's behest, reportedly, FDA still insists on virtually absolute secrecy for its files on new drug applications, thus keeping outsiders from learning how good or bad these applications have been. (Secrecy, it may also be added, arbitrarily denies to medicine crucial, *unpublished* information which may save patients' lives.)

MYTH NUMBER 4 – *Professional organizations cooperate closely with the Food and Drug Administration on drug safety and efficacy.*

How nice this would be if it were so. But FDA's contacts with most professional organizations – psychiatric, pediatric, cardiovascular – have been limited, haphazard and largely ineffectual.

In a revealing letter to a Senate subcommittee of which I am chairman, FDA confirmed this disturbing fact: its staff could not recall more than four instances (in 24 years) in which a professional organization (or as many as two or more doctors simultaneously) had ever bothered to contact FDA about the safety of any of thousands of drugs.

MYTH NUMBER 5 – *Large-scale misuse and abuse of otherwise useful drugs has been corrected.*

Not so, say doctors. They point to experience with antibiotics and tranquilizers – the two largest categories of prescription products. Antibiotics have for years been wastefully (and sometimes dangerously) used for trivial ailments like colds, for which they were never intended. In 1963, Hobart Reimann, MD, Hahnemann Medical College, Philadelphia, testified before our sub-

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HUBERT H. HUMPHREY, *Senior Senator from Minnesota and Majority Whip in the Senate, is Chairman of the Subcommittee on Reorganization and International Organizations. He is also a registered pharmacist.*

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committee that 90 percent of all antibiotics were probably being misused. Was this shocking charge new? No, nine years earlier, another expert, Ernest Jawetz, MD, wrote that, perhaps, 95 to 99 percent of antibiotics were being misused. Nine years went by, with some hits, some runs and lots of errors.

The remarkable Tranquilizer Age was born 10 years ago. A beneficent revolution has been achieved in mental hospitals, thanks to these and other invaluable psychopharmacologicals. Yet, outside of these institutions, millions of average citizens who, doctors say, don't need and shouldn't use these powerful drugs, have been encouraged by skillful promotion to consume them as if they were peanuts.

Patients, and even doctors, have not been properly informed as to serious side effects, including habituation, which even some mild tranquilizers may cause.

FDA and the profession agree that, in the final analysis, proper use of drugs is medicine's – not government's – responsibility. But FDA should have learned to communicate far more effectively to busy doctors who are deluged with reading and listening matter.

MYTH NUMBER 6 – *Most commercially-generated stories about "miracle" drugs can be relied upon with complete confidence.*

A leading science writer told drug companies just the opposite at a symposium last year. You led us down the primrose path on 90 percent of drug stories, he said, "and the other 10 percent are subject to re-evaluation." Both doctors and science writers condemn phony news about "dramatic breakthroughs" and "fabulous new discoveries." Premature and extravagant claims may needlessly build up false hopes among desperate victims.

Fortunately, there is a good deal of accurate drug news about genuine drug advances in, for instance, the battles against cancer and mental illness. But sometimes a drug version of Gresham's Law operates – unjustified claims of "spectacular" successes drive out of circulation accurate, conservatively worded news.

MYTH NUMBER 7 – *The new federal drug laws and regulations have slowed down drug research, reduced the number of new drugs and crippled drug progress.*

That assertion is similar to the "calamity-howling" which greeted the new law in 1938. None of the dismal consequences foreseen at the time by some pessimists in industry ensued. Of course the 1962 law, with its more exacting requirements, does slow down the frenzied rush of poorly-tested new drugs to the market and does reduce the number somewhat. But the real result may be more, not less, progress.

Mere numbers of new drugs, Commissioner George Larrick states, "mean little." What counts is their quality, whether they offer genuine advantages over existing therapy.

Contrary to still other myths, most new drugs have not been for life-saving – but rather for lesser – conditions; they have not really been "new," they have been "me-too" variations and combinations of some of the existing 8,000 drugs. Interestingly enough, because of the new law and regulations, companies are less inclined to dissipate their energies; they are concentrating on what the doctor and the patient really want – truly original and superior drugs.

MYTH NUMBER 8 – *FDA wants to interfere with private medicine.*

This hobgoblin is designed to frighten the medical profession, whereas previous myths were invented to tranquilize the unwary.

FDA does not have the slightest desire to tell any doctor how to practice medicine. The agency wants to do what the law requires of it – assist the practitioner in a way that is impossible for him to attempt personally. What FDA can do is to take a broad overview of a drug's value in relation to its risks. The agency can do this by reviewing the world literature (particularly the evidence from carefully-controlled studies), and by tapping the judgment of the most qualified experts.

Some are alarmed that FDA may drive off the market more drugs which, they feel, have ample benefits, despite considerable risk. They are proposing a new, so-called "Review Board" to peer over FDA's shoulder. This proposal is put forward despite the fact that: (a) any company can now request a hearing to contest an FDA withdrawal decision, and (b) the courts possess ample review power. To superimpose still another "review" could immobilize FDA.

COMING: *A chilling report on the terrorization of children; the facts that people won't face.*

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Vessels of Christ

by Murray Kempton

There appear to be by now 147 different proposals by as many Congressmen to amend the Constitution so as to restore the custom of prayer to the public schools and enshrine it beyond profanation by the Supreme Court so long as the Republic shall live. Congress then would seem to need almost as many laws to save the Lord Almighty for the state as the scribes and prophets needed chapters to reveal Him from Genesis through Numbers or from Matthew through Romans.

For more than a year now, Representative Frank Becker, a New York Republican, has preached from Queens, N.Y., to Van Nuys, Calif., his crusade for a constitutional guarantee of the prayer and the Bible in the school, the "under God" in the oath of allegiance, and the "In God We Trust" on the half dollar. Becker does not merely propose to salvage the school prayers the Supreme Court has forbidden, he moves to protect other official pieties the Court has never threatened.

Becker is one of the paltrier smallholders in the House; yet he has raised an army fearsome enough first to humiliate and now to hold under siege that great prince of the Congress, Emanuel Celler of the House Judiciary Committee. Becker's muster forced Celler to open hearings on the prayer amendment in April, and, since delay is the only resource left him, Celler will have to endure what seems plainly an assault upon his notions of good sense well into June, because once he lets Becker's proposal go, the House cannot be certain of having the kidney to resist giving it the two-thirds majority it needs and letting it go to the Senate with only a prayer that it will die there.

For the House shakes with reverential terror; the Becker amendment seems to arouse noticeably more passion than the civil rights bill.

Representative Ford of Michigan, a moderate whose electors are not normally conspicuous for bouts of spiritual ecstasy, told the Judiciary Committee: "The bulk of my mail from constituents of the Fifth District has consisted of letters on this issue."

Representative Hoskins of California handed Chairman Celler a petition demanding the restoration of God in the schools signed by 170,000 persons; it extended, he said, over 670 feet, a good deal higher than the Tower of Babel ever rose above the plain of Shinar.

As the weeks went on, Emanuel Celler, dubious as the battle looked from his citadel, could be consoled by an incongruous display of that separation of church and state he was struggling to preserve against Becker's tide of petitions. Almost all the politicians who appeared before him demanded the return of school prayers; and almost all the clergymen praised the Supreme Court for abolishing them and prayed the Lord's protection against their revival. The National Council of Churches, the Southern Baptist Convention, the Presbyterians, the presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church and the ranking Bishop of the Methodist Church all opposed the Becker amendment. There was support for school prayers from Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen and from the Reverend Ray M. Brubaker, director of the "God's News Behind the News" broadcast; but both Sheen and Brubaker are, of course, radio-television performers and have learned their industry's tenet that any plug is good for the product.

In general, the politicians were more theocratic than the theologues, and Bishop John Wesley Lord, of the Washington Methodist Church, was an agent of the hosts of darkness and Governor George Wallace of Alabama was a vessel of Christ. Congressman Huddleston of Alabama introduced Governor Wallace as "a great American and a Christian gentleman."

Could the founders, George Wallace asked, "in adopting the First Amendment have intended that little children be denied the blessing of commencing with an acknowledgement of, and entreaty to their God – an invocation of a blessing upon their parents, their teachers and their country?"

The provision of opportunity for little children to pray together in school should, he said, "be left to the decency, tolerance and good common sense of the local community."

Wallace was exalting the Creator during a pause in his campaign to impress the white Democrats of Maryland and Indiana with the fruits of his concern for the sanctity of little children at prayer in Birmingham and his cultivation of decency and tolerance in the communal affairs of Montgomery.

Wallace is not, of course, the only running-mate of God on the ballot in the Maryland primary. W. Brent Bozell, candidate for the Republican nomination for Congress, also asked to appear and draw the proper contrast between himself and Representative Charles Mathias, the incumbent he opposes and one member of the Judiciary Committee suspected of insufficient commitment to the school prayer amendment. Bozell's

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request to be a witness was, of course, not honored; Frank Becker's new state of religion is latitudinous in doctrine, but it has its Calvinist side; poor Bozell cannot know salvation until he is elected.

That seems hardly fair; the elders of Frank Becker's Congressional Church are Southern Democrats and fundamentalist Republicans, joined by a common distaste for Chief Justice Warren. Bozell deserves a place at least as a deacon in that congregation; still it is strange that so model a new conservative would be pricked to such vehemence by the Supreme Court's prayer decisions. The court started its descent toward Hell, after all, in June of 1962 when Mr. Justice Black forbade the state of New York to require its teachers to lead their pupils in the recitation of a prayer approved by the General Assembly. The prayer had been composed on order from the New York Board of Regents, which supervises the state's public education system. The Regents, as is their nature, did their duty in the spirit they prescribe for an ideal social studies textbook; and they so pruned their prayer of the slightest suggestion of mystery, poetry, doctrine or extra-terrestrial Presence as to produce a sentence that would serve quite well for Mammon and splendidly for Baal. Justice Black subsequently ordered the Regents to abandon a prayer which represented both the arrogance with which they had assumed and the incompetence with which they had exercised the spiritual functions.

"Each separate government in this country," Justice Black said then, "should stay out of the business of writing and sanctioning official prayers and leave that purely religious function to the people themselves."

Mr. Justice Black would seem, as is so often his habit, to have invoked the most eminent Old Whig wisdom; even so, no discord aroused by his opinion approached in rancor that of those spokesmen of the new conservatism who otherwise offer themselves as our most militant defenders against the modern heresy that everything is the business of government.

In all the cloud of politicians giving witness for the Becker amendment, George Wallace was the only one to suggest that prayer teaches little children how to love; the Congressmen instead uniformly argued that religion teaches teenagers to stay out of trouble. Of all strange vessels, George Wallace comes brimming with Christian charity, and every other friar in Becker's troops treads armed with Christian order as an instrument of the state.

"Invocations, duties, oaths taken on the Bible are as American and as universal as a taste for apple pie, or ice cream or watermelon," Frank Becker told the Judiciary Committee. He had reached his highest spiritual pitch, and from there he passed to his highest social purpose, which is to use the state to protect children against the evil influence of the home.

"There are," Representative Becker warned, "millions of families in this country who either do not support any religion or do not subscribe to any or participate in any, and their children are not in a home aware that there is a God, there is a Creator."

The ultimate if ungrammatical refinements of this doctrine were extended by Representative Wyman, a New Hampshire Republican: "It is the very reason that the child is an adolescent is what makes it desirable that the child be exposed to the concept of a Supreme Being, whether it is rational or logical, because this helps him to develop a conscience and to keep him from being a Communist or a non-believer."

As an example of the prerogatives of God, Representative Wyman said it would be perfectly proper for any state to demand that a man swear his belief in a Supreme Being before it gave him a driver's license.

"It does not make the slightest difference," he told the Congress, "so long as the Supreme Being is acknowledged in some form, whether it is Buddha, Allah, or God."

Representative Wyman is then that inevitable summit of the American religious experience, the theocrat without a creed. But, at the same time, he is a type magnificently ancient; he is the proconsul of Smyrna who 1800-odd years ago told St. Polycarp, Martyr: "Say 'Caesar is Lord', offer incense, swear by the Fortune of Caesar, repent, say 'Away with the atheists'." St. Polycarp, being too old-fashioned to understand the insignificant differences among Supreme Beings, looked at heaven and said "Away with the atheists" and the proconsul, having used up the lions, disposed of St. Polycarp by baking him at the stake.

Louis Wyman had seized the heights of dogma, but George Wallace was alone in the gentle valleys of simple faith: "We are getting to the point of a Godless state. You can send smutty literature through the mails and a little child can't say 'God is good; God is great' in school."

"All those little children were doing," George Wallace said, "was praying to the God who is the Father of us all."

Washington must be the most abstract place on earth. Where else could the commander of the state police of Alabama come trailing the flowers of St. Francis and suffering for little children and not have to look upon a single face faintly traced with the irony of the moment? Now that it has heard Wyman and Wallace, the Judiciary Committee needs call no other witnesses; it can throw away all 147 of the proposals before it and proceed to draft the simple sentence which covers our every current need and circumstance:

"The People and the Congress of the United States hereby repeal and henceforth declare void the doctrine that God is not mocked."

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HAITI

A Case Study in Freedom

by Robert Debs Heinl Jr.

"Travel and Adventure" was the appeal on every recruiting poster when I entered the Marine Corps from Yale in 1937; and when I got orders in 1958 to head a US military mission to Haiti, that was what the assignment promised. To participate in nation-building, to serve in the eye of the Caribbean storm which was plainly blowing up, was a real challenge.

I soon learned why the United States was sending a military mission to a country that needs a fighting army about as much as does Rhode Island. Haiti's armed forces are not only the fulcrum of the country's internal stability, but also an important agency for progress. Besides police work, they deal with communications, rural medical service, immigration, prisons, lighthouse service, the national airline, coast guard, commercial ship-repair. My job was to help the Haitian military do these jobs better and at the same time get them back into trim as a force capable of holding off coups at home as well as adventures by Premier Fidel Castro.

But President Duvalier wanted us only as a show of US support for his regime. As soon as he found that I would not allow American military aid to be misused to enhance his personal power and that we were bent on rebuilding his army around a professionally trained corps of honest, patriotic young officers and NCO's, his interest cooled. After four years of ever-increasing obstruction and, at the last, of overt Duvalierist anti-Americanism, I felt like a doctor transfusing blood into one arm of a failing patient while another MD – Dr. Duvalier – had a suction pump on the other.

By February, 1963, it became clear that Duvalier was more than anxious to get rid of our mission, representing as it did the American presence (and, at that time, our well-founded disapproval of his regime). The Haitian Ambassador in Washington requested my recall. The only reason he could give our State Department was that I had been in Haiti more than two years (the normal tour of duty specified in the mission agreement). I left Haiti on March 1, 1963, with affection for a beautiful and tragic country for which I had done my best – and failed.

I need hardly say (as I am required to by Navy regulations) that the opinions expressed in this article are my own and are not intended to represent those of the Navy Department, or the Service at large.

– RDH, Jr.

François Duvalier this month climaxes his seventh year of tyranny by assuming office as Haiti's President for life, with his ravaged country worse off than at any time since before US intervention in 1915. The United States has sent him a fresh Ambassador (the fourth in seven years), even though Duvalier has kicked out two of three predecessors. Last month, on receiving the Haitian Ambassador at the White House, President Johnson stated that the US "looks forward to close cooperation and solidarity with the government of Haiti"; and, to prove it, we have blessed a $2.6 million Inter-American Bank loan – a gift to Duvalier in all but name – which underwrites an evil regime that is in grave financial difficulties. With Duvalier unctuously inviting American tourism and retaining a high-powered Washington lobbyist for as yet undisclosed fees, our bruited new policy of living with dictatorial regimes in Latin America is being used to rationalize the "realism" of papering over, once again, our failure to cope with the Duvalier regime, let alone the fundamental difficulties of this over-populated, super-impoverished country – with or without Duvalier.

We have given $100.8 million in aid to Haiti since 1945; Americans have advised, cajoled, pled, deplored, ineffectually threatened – and we are farther from attaining very modest objectives in and for Haiti than

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we were in 1958. Still worse, we have in François Duvalier a thoroughly undependable, implacably unfriendly, bitterly anti-white neighbor who fosters internal Communism as a means of blackmailing the US.

The Windward Passage, which Haiti flanks, is the Gibraltar Strait of the Caribbean. Almost two-thirds of the Caribbean's Atlantic traffic goes through it. In World War II, our Navy had to convoy more shipping through the Passage – against limited German submarine operations – than through any sea area except the approaches to New York. Against today's Communist submarines, given Cuban bases, any position on the Windward Passage – such as Haiti – is a sensitive choke-point.

Aside from its strategic geography, Haiti is an agricultural country with few resources but climate and scenery. Its four million people are crammed into half the space available to 2.5 million Dominicans next door. With the highest birth rate in the hemisphere, and one of the world's highest, Haiti's occupancy of arable land compares with India and China.

Haiti has the lowest individual Gross National Product – $67 – in the Americas. It is the only country in the hemisphere whose GNP has actually declined during the past decade. In 1788, as a French colony, Haiti's exports were $41 million; in 1961 they totaled $32 million. Coffee, sugar and sisal are the money crops, while rice, resulting from years of American effort in the Artibonite Valley, feeds those who can afford it. Tourism, which could outpace all of Haiti's agricultural earnings, is, despite Port-au-Prince's festering slums, and bizarre government mismanagement, normally a major dollar-earner.

Haiti is black Africa with a French veneer. About a tenth of the population are mulattoes – *mulatres*, they are called – while the rest are black. When in power, the *mulatres* often exploited the blacks as irresponsibly as any colonial regime. The only general effort made to attack Haiti's illiteracy was that of the American occupation, which found the country two percent literate in 1915, and in 1934 left it 10 percent literate.

Ninety percent of the Haitians live in abject poverty, many in regions of endemic starvation. There is no conventional land-reform problem: that was taken care of in 1804. But having sliced up the French and their estates with the machete, the Haitians hopelessly oversubdivided into a crazy-quilt of uneconomic peasant garden plots.

Slightly more than 10 percent of the people speak French, the official language; the rest speak only Creole, a pungent *melange* of West African dialects and 17th Century French. Unfortunately, Creole is not a workable written tongue, so the country must be administered in a language spoken only by one person in 10.

Someone has said that Haiti is 90 percent Catholic and 100 percent Voodoo. It would be more realistic to estimate that 10 to 15 percent attend church regularly, marry formally and have one wedded wife; the remainder practice Voodoo and *plaçage*, a legally-recognized union short of marriage.

Endemic Dictatorship

Of more than 30 presidents since 1804 (Haiti is the second oldest "free" country in the hemisphere), only three have left office alive and/or voluntarily and/or constitutionally. Given its illiteracy and underdevelopment, Haiti cannot be anything but a dictatorship for years to come. Paradoxically, it came closest to representative government (including three orderly changes of regime) during 20 years of tranquillity and prosperity imposed by the bayonets of a US Marine brigade.

Where we describe an administration as Democratic or Republican, Haitians classify regimes by color, as "*noir*" or "*mulatre*." *Mulatre* governments are extractive, diverting national revenues to the elite. Black governments, though amply extractive, too, as Duvalier has demonstrated, are usually retributive, and vent the blacks' resentment against *mulatre* exploitation. Racial division is Haiti's worst problem. But a Creole proverb defines Haiti's color barrier in a practical light – "a rich *noir* is a *mulatre*; a poor *mulatre* is a *noir*."

Besides the racial vindictiveness which poisons Haitian politics, other historical factors bear mention.

One is the image of Dessalines, the black primitive who imparted his fury to the 1804 revolt. It was Dessalines who created the national flag out of the French tri-color – by ripping out the white. As self-crowned emperor (like Duvalier today), he built the forts whose ruins still overlook the plains; these fortifications were not only to keep the whites from ever coming back, but to prevent Haitians in the interior from having intercourse with foreigners. The image of Dessalines, the crafty, cruel, treacherous, proud African isolationist who killed the whites, burnt their houses, and turned Haiti's face from the world, today still dominates the black – as distinct from *mulatre* – Haitian politicians, Duvalier included.

Although the military have been kingmakers throughout Latin America, they attained special dominance in Haiti because of lack of alternative leadership, fear of foreign recapture, and because of the original *Code Rurale*, which entrusted the governing of peasants in the back country to the military. Throughout Haiti's repeated transfers of power, the military have been both undertakers and *accoucheurs* of regimes. It must be said, however – at least since the American occupation and until Duvalier gutted the Army – that they have been among the more responsible and realistic of Haiti's leaders.

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Another historically dominant element in Haitian politics is *caco*-ism. The *cacos* were rural black mercenaries at the service of any incumbent or aspiring politician. With *caco* aid, a Haitian president could assure his tenure so long as he paid his army and some opponent didn't buy off the *cacos*. Two nationalistic *caco* revolts were quelled by US Marines early in the American occupation, and the phenomenon was considered dead until recently. It has been resurrected in Duvalier's *Ton-Ton Macoute* movement.

It is incontestable that 20 years of American occupation brought Haiti into the modern world. The foundations of a previously non-existent middle class were laid. Sanitation, national highways, telegraph and telephones (Port-au-Prince in 1922 got Latin America's first automatic telephone system), scheduled steamer service, national forests, agricultural schooling and development, a non-political, disciplined, professional national gendarmerie – these were the peaceful achievements of the Marines.

By tight, honest control of exiguous revenues, American financial advisers created a sound currency, an independent national bank (even a surplus), while other advisers shaped a career civil service. For the first and last time in Haitian history, three presidents (Borno, Vincent and Lescot) attained office by constitutional means rather than a *coup*.

The dominant American impress on Haiti was of power. Haitians may not always have liked us (though many did), but their respect was unquestioned. Directly related was an unshakable conviction, which survives to this day, that the US, having done what it pleased in Haiti for two decades, was ultimately responsible for whatever happened. It is a cardinal article among Haitians that when a regime stands, it stands by virtue of American support – and falls for lack of it. It is idle to reiterate that we have pursued a policy of non-intervention for the past 30 years; nobody in Haiti will believe that.

Nor has the US kept hands off. We have simply been ineffective. Despite an abundance of economic and technical assistance, and outright budgetary support, our accompanying advice has gone unheeded; the Haitians, while eagerly absorbing gifts of money and material, have profited hardly at all from outside counsel and example. The Artibonite Valley project – a TVA which could feed and electrify all Haiti – into which $22 million were sunk, is moribund and crumbling. The 4,000 miles of good motor roads in occupation times have become 2,000 miles of mule-tracks dotted by rusting hulks of US engineer equipment given to Haiti. The Marine-installed telephones no longer ring: Port-au-Prince is probably the only world capital without telephones that work.

No sane foreign investor will put money into a country already picked bare by Duvalier's henchmen, especially when, in the words of one foreign diplomat, "Duvalier is at war with the commercial and productive classes of the country." Tourism, which offered brilliant prospects, is out of the question as long as Duvalier militiamen arrest and maltreat foreigners at will, and chauffeur-guides, licensed by the regime, hold up tourist passengers at pistol point. There cannot be much hope for Haiti's economy until the atmosphere is made hospitable to foreign investment and tourism, and until agriculture is organized efficiently – which means land-reform (in the reverse sense) and training.

Of some 700,000 school-age children, 100,000 at most are in any kind of school, and only about 1,200 teachers are available. Seventy Haitian teacher-trainers, schooled in the United States, have been refused employment by Duvalier – ostensibly because the government cannot afford to pay them $45 a month, really because the regime fears penetration by American ideas. When last heard from, 38 of those teachers had been shipped off to fight illiteracy in the Congo!

The organization and philosophy of Haitian education is that of France at its 19th Century worst. Every Haitian schoolboy wants his degree in classics or philosophy and a white-collar job with a briefcase. The crying needs for vocational training, for farm and home schooling, for nurses and artisans, go unanswered. A group of 50 public-health nurses, trained in the United States in 1961, is already lost, mostly to Africa.

That Duvalier has his own ideas on education was made clear in his 1962 selection of medical students for the University: of 88 admitted, 88 were black, and at least 68 were children of leading Duvalierists. Meanwhile the offspring of educated *mulatre* families are denied exit visas to obtain abroad the higher education the government denies them at home.

"Chief of the Revolution"

François Duvalier, who has conferred upon himself the title "Chief of the Revolution," is an MD by calling, an ethnologist by bent. He speaks bad French and bad Creole, almost inaudibly and in delphic phrases. He was once employed in the US-aid program and received public health training at the University of Michigan. He is an ardent practitioner of Voodoo, which he and his followers describe as "folklore" (he is reported to credit Voodoo spells for the downfall of Juan Bosch and the death of John F. Kennedy, both of whom opposed him). Judged on externals, this quiet-spoken, scholarly, paternal-appearing family doctor – married, like Dessalines, to a charming *mulatre* – seemed the very man in 1957 to help Haiti, not only from the US viewpoint, but from that of General Antonio Kebreau, the Army Chief of Staff who had bossed a previous se-

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quence of provisional governments and felt it was time for a responsive "constitutional" president.

But one important fact about Duvalier was still unknown: as belatedly disclosed by one of many early adherents on whom Duvalier later mercilessly turned, and finally butchered. Duvalier, while a political fugitive in the days of President Magliore, kept one book with him, rereading, quoting: Machiavelli's *The Prince*. Duvalier is cruel, devious, xenophobic, hyper-suspicious, today a virtual recluse, utterly ruthless and self-consecrated to power. He rules by playing (and paying) off ambitious and greedy subordinates and factions; by calculating extirpation of alternative leadership; by fear, espionage and every totalitarian brutality; by suppressing civil liberties (especially freedom of the press). His *Ton-Ton Macoute* movement (the phrase is Creole for "bogeyman") pervades Haiti; in it "Papa Doc" has created a crude and sinister apparatus. As long as he controls the TTMs, Duvalier controls Haiti.

A *Ton-Ton Macoute* is a Duvalier activist. In 99 cases out of 100 he is black. The civilian TTM can be recognized by his sharp clothes, dark glasses, pearl-gray homburg, and bulge of a pistol on his hip. (In 1962, lesser TTMs, unable to afford the genuine article, were toting toy plastic reproductions.) This man is an in-

"Give It to Me Straight, Doc. . . . How Long Have I Got?"

former, neighborhood boss, extortioner, bully and political pillar of the regime. Most government employees, up to ministerial level, are TTMs (postal service sagged in 1958 when, in the wholesale turnover of office to Duvalierists, the TTM mail clerks could not read).

Instead of pursuing the usual authoritarian tactic of strengthening his army to uphold the regime, Duvalier, like Castro, set out to wreck the regular army (whose loyalty he doubted) and created instead a blue-denimed Civil Militia, a second army of TTMs. While building this militia, Duvalier jettisoned (and probably murdered) General Kebreau, and has since run through four more Army chiefs of staff. Today, the *Milice Civile* is 12,000 to 15,000 strong. The Presidential Guard – soldier-TTMS – are barracked on the National Palace ground floor. In the Palace basement, Duvalier has sequestered the entire national arsenal, including all heavy weapons belonging to the army. This National Palace, built in 1918, is Haiti's fourth. All its predecessors were destroyed by basement munitions explosions. Today neither army nor *Milice* holds anything larger than rifles, and only token ammunition for those.

While the *Milice* enables Duvalier to neutralize his military, it also serves – like Hitler's brownshirts – as a highly-effective instrument for repressing and terrifying the peasantry; and it is consciously dramatized by the regime as a resurgence of *caco-ism*.

Here Duvalier is playing with fire. By rehabilitating the old-time *caco* (complete even to the long machete and traditional red scarf), the regime terrifies the propertied elite. But for how much longer? Here are at least 12,000 illiterate peasants, armed for the first time, their simple natures inflamed by repeated injunctions of racial hate, and their imaginations roused by the temptation of power. Because Papa Doc gives them money, rum and authority, the TTMs are his. But what happens when he runs out of money or when – as in *caco* times – another employer wins them over? Should Duvalier die or be assassinated, will these *miliciens* remember Dessalines' war cry against the whites – *"Cut off their heads! Burn their houses!"*?

As one of two proclaimed dictators remaining in the OAS, Duvalier plays a lonely role in the hemisphere, while courting distant African states with whom he incessantly proclaims the brotherhood of *"negritude."* Duvalier spends money to open embassies in Mali, Ivory Coast, Dahomey and Ethiopia, and toadies to Charles de Gaulle (whose ancestors Dessalines butchered) in an attempt to wheedle economic aid the United States has been forced to withhold. His thin diplomatic corps (only 20-odd countries still maintain missions in Port-au-Prince) bears the scars of expulsions or hasty departures: since Duvalier's accession, chiefs of mission from Great Britain, Chile, Venezuela, Santo Domingo, the Netherlands, and the United States have

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been shown the door, together with numerous foreign officials of lesser degree.

The Archbishop of Haiti, two bishops, and nearly 40 priests, including all Jesuits in the country, have been expelled under police guard. Duvalier is under excommunication (which doesn't bother him notably). The Papal Nuncio was recalled to Rome in 1962. Early this month, the Episcopal Church had its turn. After 21 years' devoted service as Bishop of Haiti, the Right Reverend C. A. Voegeli, whose contributions equal those of any American during the period, was arrested and expelled at gun point on a half hour's notice.

Despite better world coffee prices, Haiti's public debt has increased from $4.6 million to $44 million in the last decade, with nothing to show for it. Business is at a standstill.

The justified cut-off of US aid in 1962 diminished the flow of cash in Haiti – especially through government hands – to a trickle. Whether better coffee prices and the recent Port-au-Prince waterworks loan will rescue Duvalier remains to be seen; Washington seems to be doing its best to turn the tide in his favor. Although legerdemain kept the 1963 budget ($28.8 million) in apparent balance, government salaries are in arrears; wage-earners get part of their pay in funny-money "Certificates for National Liberation," bonds redeemable five years from now (where will Duvalier be in five years?). Business enterprises are coerced to subscribe heavily for these certificates, while government employees on some paydays receive blocks of lottery tickets instead of money.

The *Banque Nationale de la Republique* – one of the most solid and carefully wrought achievements of American occupation – is squarely under Duvalier's guns, fighting a holding action, with International Monetary Fund support, to stay independent and, incidentally, to maintain the Haitian *gourde* ($.20 US) at its present level. Having fired as many old-line American-trained *Banque* people as he could, Duvalier has attempted to pressure the survivors into opening the tills to the TTMs, and would, if he dared, end the *Banque's* independence by absorbing it outright into the Haitian government (which would also absorb the *Banque's* reserves into Duvalier's pockets). Only the Damoclean threat of withdrawal of IMF support for the *gourde* prevents such a step.

To sum up, Duvalier runs as tight a dictatorship as Haitian inefficiency permits; the regime's philosophy reflects Duvalier's opportunistic megalomania and racism, and little else; it is buttressed by an apparatus which infiltrates and divides all levels of Haitian society, and probably precludes, at least for now, any unsupported internal action to get rid of Duvalier.

Duvalier's apologists frequently assert that he alone stands between Haiti and Communism. Because Haiti is only 90 miles from Cuba and is appallingly poor, the assertion is worth examining.

Haiti is a one-party state. There have been no overt Communist manifestations (only anti-American ones) since Duvalier attained power. The Communist Party (outlawed) is small, but growing steadily and is certainly unhindered by Duvalier. One of three major labor unions is Communist-controlled; there is increasingly effective penetration of student groups, whose long but finally unsuccessful strike in 1961 posed Duvalier with one of his most serious challenges. Some Communist professors teach at the University; the principal editorial writer of *Le Matin*, a leading daily, is an avowed Communist. Paul Blanchet, the Minister of Information, along with his brother, Jules, also an inner-circle Duvalier official, and Herve Boyer, Minister of Finance, form a Communist or crypto-Communist inside team devoted to keeping the Duvalier regime at odds with the United States.

American Aid

Czech and Polish "trade missions" were welcomed by Haiti in 1962 and 1963 – when, coincidentally, Duvalier was having a bad time with the US. His cynical willingness in 1961 (until we paid through the nose) to sell to Castro Haiti's crucial *Punta del Este* vote – the OAS vote to oust Cuba from the Organization of American States – suggests Duvalier's real attitude: that Communism is a counter against the United States, and his UN and OAS votes are for sale.

In a 1960 speech, Duvalier bitterly proclaimed: "For 33 months, My Government [capitalization his] and people have lived on promises, smiles, encouragement, recommendations, hesitancy, long delays and lack of understanding. . . ." In a year when US aid totaled about a third of Haiti's budget, he taxed the US with offering "only what is necessary to maintain a marginal standard of living." Finally, demanding "a massive injection of money," he warned: "Cooperation is not a synonym for subordination." In other words, Duvalier wants money, lots of it, with no strings and no American advisers looking over his shoulder.

According to the Clay Report, Haiti tied with Panama for third place among the 10 Central American and West Indian countries receiving US assistance since 1945. American aid has underwritten more than one-quarter of Haiti's budgets during Duvalier's rule.

Why then is Papa Doc so dissatisfied? Because American assistance has been shaped to help Haiti rather than François Duvalier.

As soon as Duvalier recognized that the US had no intention of subsidizing his unplanned development schemes – all undertaken outside the budget and all designed without regard for Haiti's needs – the honey-

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moon was over. This dates from March, 1960, when, in defiance of aid agreements, Duvalier fired top Haitian employees of US-funded projects in the Artibonite Valley and replaced them with TTMs. Before the summer was over, Duvalier had also requested the recall of Ambassador Gerald Drew, whose long Haitian experience and independent, forceful personality the regime considered a liability. Ironically, Ambassador Drew had literally saved Duvalier's life by airlifting a US Navy cardiac team to Port-au-Prince after the dictator's near-fatal seizure in May, 1959.

The reasons for American dissatisfaction with Duvalier are also simply stated: the regime is unconstitutional, uncooperative, unreliable, unresponsive, unfriendly, inhumane, insincere and ineffective. American citizens have been maltreated, illegally arrested, held incommunicado and deported without explanation. American business interests have been shaken down for heavy contributions by the malodorous National Renovation Movement (one businessman had the shock of receiving his cancelled check for this worthy enterprise returned with the endorsement of a mistress of Luckner Cambronne, cabinet minister and director of the MRN). American diplomatic and consular officials have been harried and insulted in the conduct of business. It is doubtful if, anywhere outside the Communist bloc, the United States has had so many official representatives expelled without cause: since 1958, two career ambassadors, one counselor of embassy, one AID Mission Chief, two deputy AID Mission Chiefs, one military attaché, one cultural attaché, two Naval Mission Chiefs, one Air Force Mission Chief.

Washington's response to all such provocations has been limited and desultory. We did, it is true, terminate aid; the Port-au-Prince airport – bribe for Duvalier's anti-Castro OAS vote – has foundered. The military assistance program (mostly training and non-fighting equipment) was stopped in 1962, when it became clear that Duvalier was bent on dismembering his American-trained armed forces. Each May 22 – anniversary of Duvalier's unconstitutional 1961 reinauguration – the US ambassador pointedly absents himself for "consultation" in Washington. Where, in 1963, there was a 70-man AID mission and a military mission almost as strong, both are now gone – the one at our instance, the other at Duvalier's. Cruise ships usually bypass Port-au-Prince; tourist hotels are empty or closed.

A year ago this month, as Duvalier's constitutional term expired, a Marine expeditionary brigade lay off Port-au-Prince in anticipation of bloody disorders; an OAS commission, frustrated at every turn, was trying unsuccessfully to probe Duvalier's troubles with Santo Domingo and his murderous violations of human rights; American dependents were evacuated. But nothing happened. Duvalier who, a month before, had been penning up *mulatre* hostages for slaughter, keyed down his terror, the Marines eventually sailed north, and the dependents were allowed to trickle back. Ambassador Thurston's May "consultation" in Washington proved permanent. Duvalier refused to let him come back, even to pick up his household effects. Haiti thereby became the only country in the world to have expelled an American ambassador during the Kennedy Administration. We then shuffled through an "extensive reappraisal" of the Haitian problem, and asked Papa Doc if he would accept a new ambassador. Duvalier graciously assented, then let the new man cool his heels five weeks after arrival before deigning to receive him – and waited until four months later before bothering to send an ambassador to Washington.

Where Do We Go from Here?

It is easy to say that Duvalier must go, but how? The financial squeeze imposed by the cut-off in US aid (and his own economic follies) had all but cornered Duvalier, until the recent Port-au-Prince water system loan by the Inter-American Bank (which amounts to about 10 percent of Haiti's national budget). We cannot assume that when things get bad enough, Duvalier will give up and move to Paris or Algeria. He has publicly said that if anyone tries to topple him, "Blood will flow as never before. The land will burn from the north to the south, from the east to the west. There will be no sunrise and no sunset, just one big flame licking the sky. It will be the greatest slaughter in history. There will be a Himalaya of corpses."

Can the United States and the OAS stand aside and let this man run his course? At first glance, the alternatives to Duvalier appear discouraging. The elite minority entertains an illusory hope that somehow the clock can be turned back to the golden days of Lescot, the last *mulatre* president. If the exiles, led by Paul Magloire – one of the few truly popular presidents Haiti ever had – could give effective support to internal elements in overthrowing Duvalier and bring in a middle-class provisional government composed of responsible black and *mulatre* elements, it might be possible, with US support, to turn Haiti back on the path of progress. But is that possible?

Of course the United States – like de Gaulle in Gabon – could nerve itself to an act of gunboat diplomacy (an *act*, not the mere threat of an act). One such resolute puff would blow down Duvalier's house. But is military intervention compatible with America's broader international commitments? And in this election year, is any such initiative imaginable against the hemisphere's only colored country?

The irony of our impasse with Duvalier is that, in eschewing old-fashioned gunboat diplomacy, we have

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foreclosed surgery which *could* relieve Haiti of sore burdens and permit us to resume aid where so desperately needed. Yet our craving to be liked, rather than respected, deters us. Even so, short of outright intervention, certain measures could be taken.

We must first dismiss the Micawberish notion that somehow we can live with Duvalier. Nobody can. Ask the Haitians. Ask our past three ambassadors. We must also give up the illusion that we can take Duvalier to the mountain top and show him the vision of what American aid might bring to Haiti, and of himself enshrined in history as a modern King Henry Christophe. The only view from Papa Doc's mountain is unending power fueled by cruelty, betrayal and exploitation.

We should re-establish unrelenting economic pressure on Duvalier. No foreign aid, no jet airport, no highways, no waterworks for Port-au-Prince. Hard though it may seem, there must for the present be no American help in recovering from the damage of hurricane *Flora*. It makes no sense for the International Monetary Fund to continue supporting the *gourde*. Withdrawal of IMF support would be a thunderbolt which alone might strike Duvalier down.

We should discourage travel to Haiti. Visits by American warships (a considerable dollar source) should be only those required for protection of US interests. Major American investors (such as the Haitian-American Sugar Company) who have reached quiet accommodations with Duvalier, should be persuaded to harden their hearts. The international oil companies, for example, could paralyze Haiti, which has no refineries, in a fortnight.

Given the unsatisfactory history of past diplomatic relations with Duvalier, it seems incredible that we have sent in another ambassador. Why enable Duvalier to crow over still another capitulation? Sending an ambassador was playing Duvalier's game while serving no significant interest of the United States – unless, as President Johnson's pronouncement suggests, we really have made up our minds, once and for all, to live with a squalid dictatorship.

We should establish contact with, encourage and support Duvalier's responsible opponents both inside and outside Haiti. We should do this firmly and without hesitancy. We should think ahead – aloud – about what the United States could do for Haiti were Duvalier replaced by a more responsible leader.

To date, no Haitian has emulated the East German or Hungarian patriots by attacking Duvalier's rickety tanks with stones or Molotov cocktails, and until Haitians themselves take the first steps, the hemisphere is powerless. But when enough Haitians have had enough of François Duvalier, then the world can help. The instant Haiti awakens, we must be on the *qui vive* to sustain and befriend a new government, by armed intervention if need be, and whether such action is universally applauded or not.

Is all this too much? Must the Haitian problem always be swept under the rug? Those who love Haiti, with all her faults and all her woes, can only hope.

Fruits of Apartheid

A Special Correspondent Writes:

Will Nelson Mandela hang? This question is being asked not only in South Africa, but in capitals abroad. Depending on what happens to Mandela, the Afro-Asian states may force a massive United Nations showdown over South Africa.

Mandela is on the way to becoming *apartheid's* first international martyr. Tall, good-looking, fit (he was an amateur boxer), he made a good impression on the political leaders he met when he slipped out of South Africa two years ago and toured the African states, Britain and elsewhere. He is listed as number-one accused in the trial in the Pretoria Supreme Court. The others are Walter Sisulu, veteran African National Congress leader, four other Africans (Govan Mbeki, Raymond Mhlaba, Elias Matsoaledi and Andrew Mlangeni), an Indian (Ahmed Mohamed Kathrada) and two white South Africans (Dennis Goldberg and Lionel Bernstein). They all face charges of sabotage, involving 192 counts. The state alleges that they, together with other men named in the indictment as co-conspirators (some of whom are now dead and others out of the country), planned the overthrow of the government, by violent revolution and by assisting an armed invasion.

The ultimate penalty for sabotage is death. The striking feature of the trial is that Nelson Mandela, called as the major defense witness, has admitted that he helped to form *Umkhonto we Sizwe* (Spear of the Nation), which committed acts of sabotage. "I do not deny that I planned sabotage," declared Mandela. "I did not do this in a spirit of recklessness. I planned it as a

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result of a calm and sober assessment of the situation, after many years of oppression and tyranny of my people by the whites." *Umkhonto we Sizwe*, he said, had been planned for two reasons. "We believed that as a result of government policy, violence by the African people had become inevitable, and that unless a responsible leadership was given to control the feelings of our people, there would be an outbreak of terrorism which would cause bitterness between the various races of the country. We felt that without sabotage there would be no way open to the African people to succeed in their struggle against the principle of white supremacy. All other means of opposing this principle were closed by legislation. We had either to accept inferiority or fight against it by violence. We chose the latter." At the conclusion of his four-hour address to the court, Mandela said he had dedicated his life to ending white domination. "It is an idea I hope to live and see realized. But it is an idea for which I am prepared to die."

Mandela is already a convicted prisoner, serving a five-year sentence for leaving South Africa without a permit and for inciting people to strike in May, 1961. An attorney by profession, he was the partner of Oliver Tambo, now living in exile in London as leader of the ANC contingent outside South Africa. The former president-general of the ANC, ex-Chief Albert J. Luthuli, lives in Natal, confined to a small region around his home in Groutville, and prohibited from taking any part in political activity or from making any public utterances. Luthuli was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize two years ago. According to the prosecution, it was clear from Nelson Mandela's diary that Luthuli had approved of the decision of the African National Congress to give its blessing to a campaign of sabotage and violence. The proposition was put directly to number-two accused, Walter Sisulu, when he followed Mandela into the witness box, but Sisulu declared that he was not prepared to say anything about Luthuli.

In his address to the court, Mandela admitted that there was cooperation between the African National Congress and the Communist Party. This did not make the ANC Communistic, however. Because Britain and the United States had combined with Russia to fight Hitler, that did not mean that Churchill and the US leaders were Communists. The ANC itself had no links with Communism. "I am not a Communist and have never been a member of the Communist Party." Similar evidence was given by 52-year-old Walter Sisulu. He said he had never been a member of the Communist Party. He had joined the ANC in 1940, and at the time he had personally advocated keeping the Communists out of the organization.

An important point made by both Mandela and Sisulu in their evidence was that up to 1961 the ANC had followed a policy of non-violence. Sketching the history of the ANC, Mandela said it was formed in 1912. In 1948 the present Nationalist government came to power, and in 1949 the ANC launched a defiance campaign based on passive (not violent) resistance. In 1956 the Nationalist government mounted a massive treason trial, bringing 156 ANC and other leaders into the dock, but the trial eventually collapsed. Referring to this trial, Mandela said: "The non-violent policy of the ANC was tested by the court, and the court found that the ANC did not have a policy of violence." In 1960, the Sharpeville shootings occurred, the Nationalist government proclaimed a state of emergency, and nearly 2,000 white and non-white political leaders and others were detained, some for nearly five months. The African National Congress and the Pan-Africanist Congress, the two leading African political organizations, were both banned (and are still banned). But, said Mandela, the ANC refused to accept its banning. "The ANC refused to dissolve, and went underground."

Explaining how the ANC came to abandon its policy of non-violence, Mandela said that in 1960 a referendum was held in South Africa to decide whether the country should become a republic. Africans (numbering 11 million, against three million whites) were not entitled to vote in the referendum, and it was decided as a protest to stage a "stay-at-home strike, a peaceful demonstration." However, the Nationalist government, declared Mandela, "answered by mobilizing its forces, sending armored cars into the African townships, to intimidate the people . . . this showed that the government intended to rule by force alone. This was a milestone in the formation of *Umkhonto we Sizwe*." Mandela said he came to the conclusion in June, 1961, that if violence was inevitable, it would be unrealistic and wrong for African leaders to continue with a policy of non-violence when the government "met our demands with violence." This decision was not easily made. "The decision was made to embark on violent forms of struggle and form *Umkhonto*. I felt morally obliged to do what I did." Mandela denied strenuously that *Umkhonto* was a wing of the ANC or was connected with it, although some people were members of both organizations. The ANC itself was committed not to undertake violence, but it decided it was prepared to depart from its policy to the extent that it would no longer disapprove of properly-controlled sabotage. Sabotage was chosen because it did not involve loss of life. Strict instructions were given that on no account were people to be killed or injured. Mandela also made a study of guerrilla activities "because I wanted to stand with my people and share with them the hazards of warfare." Guerrillas, however, would only be trained in case they were necessary.

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After the Deluge, What?

by John Wain

Discussions of literary symbolism are bedevilled by the fact that any story a writer decides to tell can turn out, when he contemplates it and explores its ramifications, to be symbolic. Robert Penn Warren, whose critical works include a full-scale exposition of *The Ancient Mariner,* knows this better than most people. What looks to the reader like the story with the big, symbolic overtones, may have seemed to the writer, when he began work on it, just a narrative like any other.

Flood
A Romance of Our Time
by Robert Penn Warren
(Random House; $5.95)

Even with this caution in mind, it is hard to imagine that Mr. Warren chose the central situation of his new book *Flood,* with any lesser intention than to make a big symbolic statement. Fiddlersburg, a small country town in Tennessee, is to be submerged by the building of a giant dam, and the inhabitants, while they wait to be resettled, are living out their remaining Fiddlersburg days in the inevitable state of heightened emotional awareness. Now that Fiddlersburg is doomed, it suddenly appears to them not as a few streets of houses and shops, but a way of life, something that has made them as surely as they have made it. Only one resident of Fiddlersburg is outside this feeling. He is a young Negro murderer named Pretty Boy Rountree, who is in the penitentiary waiting to go to the electric chair.

Into this town come two men, bent on observing it professionally: Yasha Jones, a rich and celebrated film director, and Bradwell Tolliver, a novelist turned script writer. Jones has made a point of hiring Tolliver to write the film because Tolliver is a native of Fiddlersburg. The story is told through the consciousness of these two men, in roughly alternate slabs.

There is a certain amount of forward movement in the story, but mainly it moves outwards and downwards. It is not so much a narrative as what the Elizabethans would have called "an anatomy." We meet a wide variety of characters and see into their lives, and all these lives have in common the fact that they are at the end of a road. Fiddlersburg will go, and their lives will start again in some unguessable new atmosphere. Inevitably, they pass judgment on the life they have lived and the world they have created.

In all this, a foreign reader like myself tends naturally to see an emblem of the American South. If we are to believe what we commonly hear, the South is one large Fiddlersburg, scheduled for destruction by an industrial way of life, living through its last days in a state of heightened consciousness which gives rise to frequent emotional crises. And within the larger allegory, there are smaller, symbolic pointers. Fiddlersburg has its ancestral family, named (guess what?) Fiddler. It has its celebrated runaway son, in the person of Bradwell Tolliver, who regards it with the familiar mixture of love and hate. Bradwell Tolliver has further complicated his relationship with his birthplace by helping to destroy it. Years before the story opens, he brought to Fiddlersburg his beautiful and sophisticated New York bride. His younger sister, Maggie, was dazzled by this girl and slavishly admired her. One afternoon, partly for lack of anything better to do and partly out of a genuine desire to help the girl make the best of herself, the smart young wife got the gauche sister out of her dowdy clothes, dressed her in something eye-catching, arranged her hair and made up her face. By chance, young Dr. Fiddler, the present bearer of the ancient name, happened to call and catch sight of her in this mating plumage. His passions aroused, he fell in love with the girl and married her. All seemed well, but unfortunately the Tolliver influence did not stop at this point. Not long afterwards, one hot summer night (every story about the South has to have a hot summer night, and this is *Flood's*), Bradwell Tolliver and his New York wife give a party at which they drink a lot, and play jazz loudly on the gramophone, and generally set a bad example. As a result, a young engineer who is dancing with Sister Maggie (her husband being absent) gets Carried Away and takes her into the bushes. When young Dr. Fiddler hears of this, he shoots and kills the young engineer, thereby putting himself in the penitentiary. Thus do wicked 20th Century, non-Fiddlersburg ways wreak havoc in the traditional world of rural Tennessee, causing the death of harmless young engineers and putting scions of ancient families into the penitentiary.

But if Bradwell Tolliver is unwittingly destructive in his relations with Fiddlersburg, this is explained as much by his heredity as by his modernity. His father, a character as cruel and unforgiving as Huck Finn's father, was a swamp-dweller who (rather improbably) became rich and bought up most of the town. He used his power to do as much damage as possible to the Fiddlersburg way of life, notably by foreclosing on the house of the Fiddler family and moving in. "He wanted the rugs," his son explains to Yasha Jones, "so he could track in swamp mud or cow dung or whatever he happened to have on his boots, and the furniture so he could take out his frog-sticker and whittle on Chippendale – when he fell into a reflective mood."

The civilization of Fiddlersburg, then, such as it is, has long been threatened from below as well as from outside. Before the days of Brad Tolliver with his European ideas and his modern wife, it has had to endure the sullen hostility of Tolliver senior and his like.

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And Brad Tolliver himself, brought up in the ancestral house though actually the son of a destructive social outcast, typifies – or so again, a foreigner must think – the uneasy relationship of the Southern intelligentsia with the beliefs and customs of Southern life.

Bradwell Tolliver, merely in the process of living the life of a 20th Century writer, has introduced alien and destructive elements into the life of Fiddlersburg. His sister's husband, Calvin Fiddler, would not have committed murder but for his (indirect) influence. But not all the responsibility rests on Brad. Calvin Fiddler is in the pen because the citizens of Fiddlersburg sent him there. And, according to Fiddler's kinsman, Blanding Cottshill, their motives were those of embittered poor whites, trading it out on someone they hated. Cottshill, a lawyer, conducted Fiddler's defense and lost the case. Reminiscing to Brad Tolliver, Cottshill reconstructs the situation:

"Now if it had just been Maggie alone, we'd have swung it. She is pretty, she even has a kind of beauty, and she is the kind that makes you want to protect her. But Lettice was mixed up in it too, and when that jury was looking at Lettice and those legs, they did not think of protecting her. They did not think of protecting anybody. They looked at those legs and went into a drooling trance, every man-jack of 'em, and got sick just honing after those legs and thinking how they could latch around. You could look at their faces and know what was happening. I know, because I had a touch of the disease, too.

"But here's the point. They suddenly realized those legs weren't for the likes of them. And that delicious nausea in the pit of the stomach could turn into a hot ball of hate. They had to take it out on somebody. They had to revenge their own deprivation and the death of ambition and the defeat of boyhood dreams, and the knowledge that when they got home to their wives the aforesaid wives would, no doubt, have legs like sausages and would be full of household problems and would smell like old buttermilk. Well, vengeance was theirs. There was Cal Fiddler, throat ready for the knife. Yeah, there's something about poor old Cal that invites punishment."

So there we have a paradigm of the destructive forces which tear Fiddlersburg to pieces. The "hot ball of hate" in the belly of the unprivileged citizen, which can hardly be blamed on the Bradwell Tollivers of this world, completes what the touch of outside sophistication has started. And all this without a word about the problem of racial discrimination, usually held up to be the chief destructive force in Southern life.

That problem is dealt with, lightly and unsentimentally, in some of the most satisfying passages of the book. The gas station attendant at the Seven Dwarfs Motel, a mulatto, consents to wear idiotic mediaeval costume and answers tourists' queries in the Isegwyne dialect of the old-style Negro. His real motives and personality are completely contemporary and rather terrifying. Similarly, Brother Pinckney, the Negro minister, is more subtle and better educated than Brother Potts, his white opposite number. Brother Potts, heroically dying of bone cancer, has hung on to life so that he can conduct the last service in Fiddlersburg, and when it is over he announces he will go down, with any of his flock who care to accompany him, and pray with the colored people. He marches over, with a few fellow-worshippers straggling behind, only to find no one there. Brother Pinckney has not waited. It is not part of his character to allow his white brethren any such easy conscience-salving gesture.

This is a long book, and I have only hinted at the multifarious action that unfolds in its many episodes. Finally, Yasha Jones releases Maggie Tolliver from her loneliness by taking her away with him, presumably intending to marry her, and also releases Brad Tolliver from his contract to write the film about Fiddlersburg, which never gets made. And the town of Fiddlersburg, with all its good history and bad history, disappears below the water.

If this account of *Flood* has made it seem interesting and attractive, so much the better. Certainly it is worth reading. But the reader must be prepared for an effort. The book is not just

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long, it is immensely bloated by verbiage. Everything is over-described and over-elaborated. Further, the two main experiencing figures, through whose eyes and minds we see the action, are both bores.

Bradwell Tolliver is a dreary, self-pitying lout, so morally and intellectually obtuse that it is impossible to imagine his ever having written a good story. Not only does he express himself in the coarsely Philistine idiom adopted by men of letters who are anxious not to be taken for men of letters, he also adopts the evasions and subterfuges of the sentimental-literary mind at its most nauseating. He even has the stickily self-pitying attitude of the *lumpenintelligentsia* when it contemplates the Negro:

> "Bradwell Tolliver saw Brother Pinckney stand at the top of the wide steps, staring into distance, and then descend the stairs. His heart was, suddenly, filled with a dry, angry envy of that man. He wanted to be Leon Pinckney. He wanted to be Pretty Boy. He wanted to be any nigger. For he yearned for the simplicty of purpose, the integrity of life, the purity of heart, even if that purity was the purity of hate, that a nigger must have.
>
> "That, at least, would be something."

Yasha Jones, a more original character, is potentially interesting in a way that Bradwell Tolliver, with his hackneyed set of late-Scott Fitzgerald reflexes, can never be. But the interest of Yasha Jones' character remains potential. It is not realized, though whether this is because of imperfect imaginative sympathy or clumsy, perfunctory writing, I cannot say. He has, for instance, been a war-time member of an espionage unit, and his experiences are evidently intended to be shown as crucial, but they are presented in such a dim and fragmentary manner that we do not feel them as crucial.

These deficiencies cripple this ambitious novel. But they do not quite destroy it. The statement Mr. Warren is making is broad enough, compassionate enough and intelligent enough to come through the layers of cotton wool he has spread across it. It is a pity, all the same, that the layers are there.

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by Louis J. Halle

Ever since 1947, Professor and Ambassador George F. Kennan has been carrying on three distinct careers, of which two would under ordinary circumstances be mutually incompatible. In addition to distinguishing himself as an historian, he has been notable both as a professional diplomat and as a publicist. It is a paradox that, although in his diplomatic capacity he has had to work in silence behind the scenes, as a publicist his has been the most eloquent and influential of all voices in the continuing debate over Western policy toward the Communist bloc.

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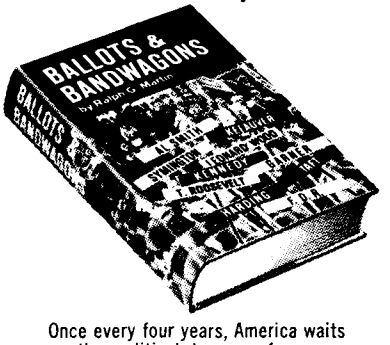

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debate. While it is, in itself, a matter for regret that he is no longer representing us in Belgrade, his public voice is most welcome back again. It has been missed.

On Dealing with the Communist World consists of the three Elihu Root Lectures of 1963-64 delivered at the Council on Foreign Relations in New York. The question to which they address themselves, as stated in the first lecture, is: "whether it should be the goal of our national policy to achieve the early and total destruction, everywhere, of everything that calls itself Communism. . . . Or whether it should be our goal to find acceptable ways of living with it, and influencing it. . . ."

Mr. Kennan's ostensibly impartial approach to this question, in the two lectures that follow the first, reminds me of a wise Southerner I know who had to speak in the deep, rural South on the question of racial integration in the schools. He told his audience that he would not presume to suggest to it what choice it ought to make between the alternatives of segregation and desegregation. On the one hand, he said, if his auditors believed in the principles set forth in the Sermon on the Mount, in the Declaration of Independence, and in the Constitution of the United States, then of course they would favor desegregation. On the other hand, if they felt that the ethics of Christianity constituted a false teaching, and that the most valid principles were those of un-Americanism, then they would naturally prefer the continuance of segregation. He, himself, did not pretend to say which choice was right.

In like manner, Mr. Kennan appears to confront us impartially with the choice of a coexistence that carries with it the hope of eventual salvation, and a policy aimed at eliminating Communism from the world that seems likely to produce a nuclear world war. If we wish to be incinerated on the radioactive ruins of our civilization, we will, of course, choose the latter alternative.

I simplify somewhat, for the reader will have observed that Mr. Kennan, in his definition of the great question, does not refer to the elimination of "Communism." He refers, rather, to the elimination of "everything that calls itself Communism." The distinction is important.

The boldest and best passage in this slender volume, to my mind, is the one that concludes the Foreword:

> "I would like, in consigning the lectures to the reading public, to apologize for [a] rather shabby compromise with contemporary semantics, and to say that I think there could be no more useful innovation in the discussion, public and governmental, of the affairs of the 'Communist' orbit than a law which forbade all of us, including myself, to use the word 'Communist' at all, and forced us to treat the régimes and peoples of each of these countries specifically, for what they are – which is something much more highly differentiated, as among themselves, and something much less differentiated from what exists elsewhere, than we commonly suppose."

Only the most sophisticated intelligences understand that "Communism" is little more, essentially, than a name that is commonly applied, in the loosest fashion, to a variety of state systems which pay lip-service – and often only lip-service – to an ideological tradition that originates with "The Communist Manifesto" of 1848. What Cuba, Yugoslavia, the Soviet Union, and Red China have in common today is, above all, the name. Senator Goldwater may think that every régime which calls itself "Communist" is just like every other régime which calls itself "Communist"; but one may suspect that, privately, the ideologists in the Kremlin snort with indignation at the notion that Castro's régime in Cuba, for example, is a genuinely "Communist" one. (It was only when he desperately needed aid from Moscow that Castro decided to call it "Communist.") The Cuban Communist Party (*Partido Socialista Popular*), having waited to join Castro's Revolution until the triumph of that Revolution was assured, is today hardly more than a hanger-on of the Castroite leadership in Cuba; and there appears to be little love lost, today, between that leadership and the Communist parties in the rest of Latin America.

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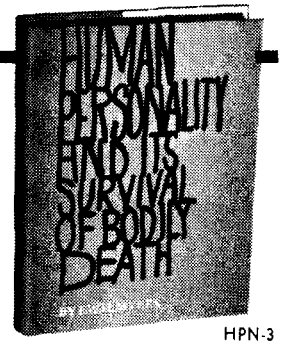

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Mr. Kennan points out that "the Yugoslavs have abolished forced collectivization. They have adopted a system of management in industry fundamentally different from that prevailing in the Soviet Union. They have practically abandoned the active application of police terror. They have adopted policies on travel, contacts with foreigners and access to foreign informational media which seem closer to those of most Western countries than to those prevalent in the [Soviet] bloc." Nevertheless, a major portion of American opinion, which knows nothing except the label, would take measures of economic warfare against Yugoslavia "merely on the grounds that the Yugoslavs continue to call themselves Communists." The effect of such an attitude can only be to force the Yugoslavs back into their former dependence on Moscow, and to warn the present satellites against trying to gain any like measure of independence for themselves.

In one passage after another of these lectures one may confidently see the reflection of Mr. Kennan's recent experience as American Ambassador in Belgrade. It is apparent that he found himself in the embarrassing position of having to carry out two separate foreign policies that were, in some respects, opposed to each other: that of the Kennedy Administration, which was cooperating with Yugoslavia in trade and aid, and that of the Congress, which, in the foreign-trade bill of October, 1962, denied most-favored-nation treatment to Yugoslavia, as to Poland, on the grounds that it was a "Communist" state.

It seems as if we never finally resolve these conflicts over policy. As long ago as the winter of 1948-49, when Tito was trying desperately to make Yugoslavia independent of Stalin's Moscow, the question of whether we should help him do this was debated inside our government. (The specific issue was whether the United States should furnish a steel mill that Yugoslavia needed.) At that time, fortunately, those who opposed any assistance to Yugoslavia, on the grounds that we should have nothing to do with "Communism," were overborne by those who held to the prior objective of containing and weakening Stalin's empire. Almost fifteen years later, however, we find the Congress of the United States, supported by the most unsophisticated part of our population, taking legislative action to implement the policy that had been rejected in 1948-49!

In these lectures Mr. Kennan shows himself alarmed by our inability to learn the old lessons of history and move on beyond them. Returning from his service in Yugoslavia, he was surprised and irritated by much of the public debate in the United States. "When I was told, for example, that a prominent American political figure was advocating the withdrawal of diplomatic representation from – in effect the breaking of diplomatic relations with – the Soviet government and other Communist governments, my first reaction was: God help us! Is not this where we came in thirty years ago . . . when FDR took the step of recognizing the Soviet government. . . ." He soon decided "that we had to do here, in the question of our relation to world Communism, with a crisis of opinion of such seriousness as to constitute of itself a great and present danger." So strong is the prevalence of extremist views "in Congress and certain other

QUESTION:

What do the following people have in common?

U Thant **Bertrand Russell**

Sidney Hook **Thomas C. Schelling**

Anatoly Dobrynin **Ernest van den Haag**

Herman Kahn **Linus Pauling**

ANSWER:

***They are all among the contributors to the current edition of* Yale Political**

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segments of government in Washington," as he sees it, "that it is not an exaggeration to say that we have today wholly different and mutually contradictory foreign policies being pursued simultaneously in that city. . . ."

(It is hard for me to believe that this extremist opinion is, as he says it is, growing in the United States, that it even has a "growing hold on much of our student youth." I tend to discount it in part as mere talk, a sort of ritualistic vocalization that represents the need so many Americans have felt, ever since the days of McCarthy, to show others how tough and anti-Communist they are. It is, however, quite possible that, living as I now do far from our American shores, my judgment has become too detached and complacent.)

The first lecture, then, on "The Rationale of Coexistence," ends with a trumpet-note. "If what we require is a new national debate, and something like a public showdown to clarify these questions and permit this country to speak with a clear and unequivocal voice in world affairs, then let us not postpone this debate any longer."

In the second lecture, Mr. Kennan proceeds to point out that the question of "East-West Trade," which is its subject, has been faced in one form or another for the past forty-six years. He then undertakes a dispassionate review of it in the light of that long experience, giving the *pros* and *cons*, and ending with a rather weary disposition to favor a liberal policy.

The last lecture, on "Polycentrism and Western Policy," has already appeared in the January issue of *Foreign Affairs*. Here, again, the weary and dispassionate note is struck. Some old horses are whipped, and the seductive but deceptive name of "disengagement" is uttered – as in Mr. Kennan's Reith Lectures, entitled "Russia, the Atom, and the West," that caused such a stir in 1957. It all ends with his posing the question of the two alternatives: a policy of "peaceful coexistence" that has in it, at least, elements of hope, or a policy of "liberation" that is fraught with dangers. "This," he concludes, "is a question which Western policy-makers will do well to look at all over again, as the Chinese-Soviet conflict proceeds and as its effects continue to make themselves felt."

I cannot quite escape the feeling, as I read these three wonderfully intelligent lectures, that it is a somewhat tired Kennan speaking in them. Even a tired Kennan, however, is to be preferred over practically anyone else. Now that he is back, my guess is that in unseen ways he will have more long-range influence than Senator Goldwater. This is a welcome and a hopeful prospect.

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Professors and Pedagogues

by Christopher Jencks

If some aspiring Ed.D. is looking for a thesis topic, he might set out to explain why university scholars, who a decade ago thought America's public schools unmentionable, are today so fascinated by these same institutions.

The growth of academic interest in the schools has taken two distinct forms. First, there has been the curriculum reform movement, which acquainted many scientists and scholars with what was being taught in the public schools (especially the high schools), what might be taught, who taught it, and how these teachers might themselves be better taught. This reform movement, which began a year before Sputnik with the Physical Sciences Study Committee, has now spread to include biologists, chemists, English professors, historians, economists, anthropologists, psychologists and musicians.

Innovation and Experiment in Education
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Academicians have not, however, merely sought to reform the school curriculum; since the late 1950's they have also begun to analyze the schools as social institutions. In that period various sociologists (among whom David Riesman was the most familiar name) began to study higher education. In due course they also began to examine elementary and secondary schools. During this same period, a number of psychologists (of whom Jerome Bruner was probably the best known) began to look closely at what actually went on in the classroom. A major re-examination of the history of education began in this same period, attracting academic historians (like Richard Hofstader) to the subject for the first time in this century. More recently, economists such as Theodore Schultz and political scientists like Thomas Eliot have taken the lead in making the economics and politics of education respectable subjects for academic research.

These two groups – the reformers and the researchers – have never merged, but they have formed fruitful alliances on many campuses, and also in Washington. The campus alliance seeks to pressure the university's department of education into reforming its training of teachers, administrators and education professors. The success of this effort, which has been considerable on some campuses, depends largely on winning allies among the campus' more imaginative educationists.

The Washington alliance has sought to influence the emerging pattern of federal aid to education. So far, its in-

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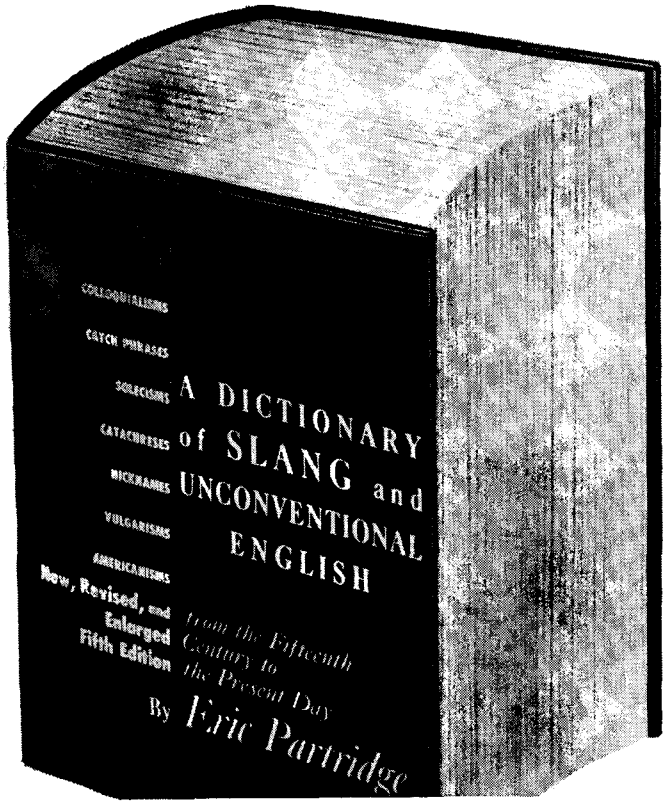

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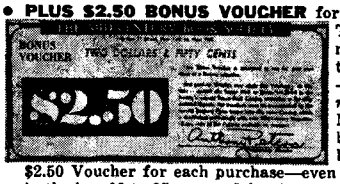

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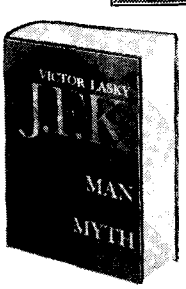

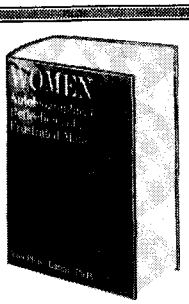

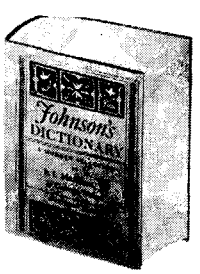

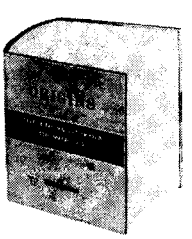

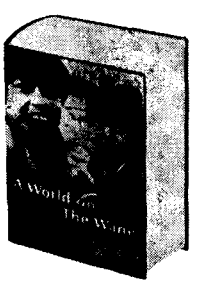

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fluence has been modest, at least in terms of dollars. Scholars and scientists have far more access to federal money and national politicians than school men, but they have few allies at the state and local level, where Congress is still elected. Nevertheless, there are signs that a major revolution is afoot.

Anyone interested in the possible shape and meaning of this revolution should read the recent progress report of the federal government's Panel on Educational Research and Development. This Panel is one of those mysterious bodies which regularly emerge from the interstices of large bureaucracies to provide a platform for some man whom the traditional departments with day-to-day operating responsibilities can neither contain nor ignore. In this case the man is Jerrold Zacharias, the indefatigable MIT physicist who master-minded the reform of high school physics (as well as several other, less benign, military inventions). Using the Panel as his vehicle, Zacharias has turned his attention to non-scientific areas of scholastic mismanagement and deprivation.

One might wonder what need there is for still another Panel, when there are already two full-fledged federal agencies in the education field – the National Science Foundation and the Office of Education. Unfortunately, these agencies have great difficulty developing new ideas, or even entertaining old ideas not already incorporated into official policy. The reason for this is not, as some imagine, that they are staffed by nitwits. On the contrary, their staffs are probably as good as most large bureaucratic institutions, public or private. The trouble is, unfortunately, both subtler and harder to remedy.

It is very hard to entertain a new idea, even briefly, if your knee-jerk reaction is "What will Congressman Landrum have to say about it?" or "What will the NEA think?" To survive hour by hour in such company one must cultivate circumspection and guile, not imagination and heresy. And so something like the Zacharias Panel is useful, not only in education but in every field of public endeavor. Only there can new ideas grow for a few months, or even years, before facing the critical scrutiny of budget pruners, bureaucatic stand-patters, and timorous Congressional liaison men.

The progress report of the Zacharias Panel is a remarkable document in several respects. It is written in English and shows a sensitivity to the particular rare in official publication. It contains no reference either to scientific manpower or the Cold War. Poetic virtues aside, however, the report also reflects shrewd strategic thinking about reform. Underlying almost all its proposals there is a single ambition: to build into the educational system a capacity, increasingly common in profit-making corporations but still rare in public agencies, for continuous self-evaluation, experimentation and adaptation.

To do this, the Zacharias Panel seeks in a variety of ways to tighten the links between educators and academicians. The forging of such links requires constant infusions of outside money: research grants, planning grants, demonstration grants, conference grants and so forth. The Panel is doing its best to ensure that more federal funds will be available for this sort of thing, in the hope of reducing the isolation of lower from higher learning. It has also toyed with the suggestion that operating responsibility for part of an urban school system be given to a local university on an experimental basis. (The scheme has obvious advantages: a built-in bias towards experimentation; freedom from certification requirements and some other bureaucratic idiocies; perhaps enough prestige to keep white students in the system alongside substantial numbers of Negroes.)

To most people, drawing together schools and universities no doubt seems highly desirable. The typical layman believes that colleges and universities now do their job better than elementary and secondary schools, that college professors are more competent than school teachers, and that the "failure" of the public schools is essentially a failure to meet university standards of academic excellence. He also believes that professors of education, who have traditionally been the link between school and university, embody all the worst vices of both. He is therefore ready to accept the academician as the potential savior of the schools.

Before subscribing to this thesis unequivocally, however, the reader ought

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to spend an evening with Clark Kerr's brief and extremely readable anatomy of academic life. Kerr is the President of the University of California. He describes this as an institution having "operating expenditures from all sources of nearly half-a-billion dollars, with almost another 100 million for construction; a total employment of over 40,000 people, more than IBM and in a far greater variety of endeavors; operations in over a hundred locations, counting campuses, experiment stations, agricultural and urban extension centers, and projects abroad involving more than fifty countries; nearly 10,000 courses in its catalogues; some form of contact with nearly every industry, nearly every level of government, nearly every person in its region." The university is also the world's largest purveyor of white mice.

Institutions such as this must be ranked among the major social inventions of recent times. While they are lineal descendants of the pre-1939 American university and its European forebears, they are in most respects quite new animals, for which Kerr has coined the suggestive name "multiversities." The great achievement of the multiversity has been to harness scientific and scholarly research to the affairs of men in a way which has neither precedent in history nor competitive equal in other countries. As a result of work done in these institutions we now live longer, eat better, buy radios more cheaply, and have a significantly increased chance of instant incineration. We are also closer to understanding the chemistry of life and learning the age of the solar system.

On balance, this development is a happy one. But proponents of the multiversity exaggerate its virtues when they suggest that its development as a research institution has also meant better undergraduate teaching. This claim is predicated not on any observable evidence but on a profound conviction that research and teaching are integrally related. Kerr demolishes this bit of nonsense with a useful metaphor: "Flexner thought of the university as an organism," he writes. "In an organism, the parts and the whole are inextricably bound together. Not so the multiversity – many parts can be added and subtracted with little effect on the

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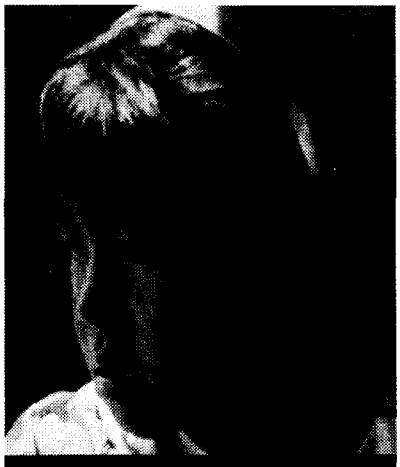

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whole or even little notice taken or any blood spilled. It is more a mechanism – a series of processes producing a series of results – a mechanism held together by administrative rules and powered by money."

It need hardly be added that in the past generation there has been very little money in teaching undergraduates. This is the age of what Kerr calls the "federal grant university," and federal grants are not given for inspiring the young. The results are predictable. "Since Harvard adopted its program for general education in 1945, and Hutchins left Chicago," Kerr says "there has been remarkably little faculty discussion of general educational policy. By contrast, there has been a great deal in England." Kerr's own book is no exception to this generalization. When he lists the purposes of a university, he does not even mention the teaching of undergraduates. In his last chapter he notes that undergraduates are for the most part poorly taught, but this failure does not strike him as sufficiently important to offset his generally favorable evaluation of the contemporary academic scene.

Given this situation, what are we to make of efforts, whether by the Zacharias Panel or others, to involve universities more actively in the shaping of elementary and secondary education? What notions of personal success, and what definitions of worthwhile work, will the universities promote? I cannot help wondering, for example, whether the best teachers may not increasingly leave the classroom to do "curriculum research" – as they previously left it for school administration. What images of education will university professors bring to the schools? What ideas about teaching will they disseminate in the schools?

The Zacharias Panel suggests, for example, that a skillful teacher should recognize and exploit three motives in his students: ambition, curiosity and emulation. Yet the typical university teacher is likely to rely almost entirely on the first of these: ambition. He assumes that the way to make a student learn is to give examinations and then record the grades on a transcript available to the student's prospective employer or professional school.

Most university instructors make only perfunctory efforts to stimulate undergraduate curiosity. The Panel notes, for example, that "some work already suggests that the chief activating element in such instruction [instruction which gives students a sense of the pleasure of intellectual work] is the teasing value of uncertainty – presentation of issues that are conjectural, rather than the laying out of hard, dry, finished facts." The report adds that "there is a world of difference between the flat assertion that light, under conventional conditions, travels in a straight line and the conjecture as to what would be the consequence if light travelled, for example, as smoke does." Most university instructors recognize this difference. But, when teaching undergraduate physics, how many instructors actually prefer a speculative discussion of light to a factual one?

Nor do the universities show much interest in providing adult models with whom undergraduates can identify. The Cold War and various related phenomena have certainly enhanced the status of both scholars and scientists, and this has evidently made undergraduates readier than in the past to emulate the learned. But the price of higher professional status (or perhaps even its cause) has been the withdrawal of professors from many undergraduate classrooms and the expansion of class size to the point where personal contact is most unlikely. Undergraduates have been more and more left to their own devices – to educate themselves or not, as they wished. As a result, they seem to model themselves more and more on their classmates, less and less on their elders. This is in some respects liberating, but it seldom enhances the will to learn.

What is one to conclude? Not, I think, that the universities will necessarily prove a bad influence on the schools. The evidence so far is quite opposite. But until the universities show some willingness to put their own house in order, lay skepticism about academic efforts to reform the elementary and secondary schools seems justified. Perhaps the Zacharias Panel should next turn its attention to reforming higher education. But it won't, for unlike school teachers and administrators, wounded academicians would fight back.

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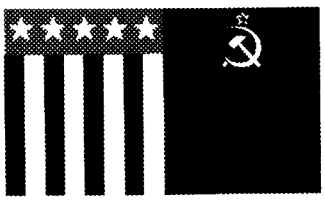

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FILMS

Again to Italy

According to *Variety*, film attendance has dropped off since the war (because of television) in many countries. In Great Britain, for example, the total number of tickets sold in 1964 was about one-quarter of those sold in 1946. But in Italy (despite television) the total in 1962 was about 70 percent more than in 1946. And, unlike most countries outside the US, half of the 20 box-office champions in Italy last year were domestic films.

The Organizer (Continental)
Bandits of Orgosolo
(Pathe-Contemporary)

There is a temptation to speculate on the possible reasons: the improved Italian economy, the release of suppressed Italian talent after fascism and war, the opportunities in the film form that the novel and the theater do not afford. These suggestions, and others, contain some truth, but obviously they do not account completely for the Italian anomaly. Economies in other countries have improved; other countries have talents that were otherwise engaged before and during the war; such countries with substantial literary-theatrical cultures as Norway, Austria, Spain have negligible film activity. The full explanation for the happy Italian circumstance is not readily apparent. Further, Italian producers, directors, writers are fretting because they are bursting with projects and even this healthy state of business affairs cannot accommodate all that might be done.

Two more examples of Italian activity have arrived, one recently made film, one that took a few years in transit. Marcello Mastroianni's new picture, *The Organizer*, is very interesting and very odd. Its oddness is in its air of anachronism. Here is a story of exploited factory workers in Turin at the turn of the century and the beginnings of their fight for better working conditions. Mastroianni is an ex-professor, sent by (presumably) the Socialists to help them organize their strike and give form to their struggle. There is a gallery of vignettes among the workers: the big burly one, the young randy one, the grieved old man with a daughter on the streets, the teen-age youth who is the head of a bereaved family. There is a group of owners and managers who are, to a man, oily and cruel. But I need hardly describe it. Anyone who has seen a dozen Soviet films of the 30's, dealing with Czarist Russia, could write a synopsis of this plot, including its immediately tragic conclusion, its promise of ultimate victory.

The question occurs at once: What prompted Mario Monicelli, its gifted director and co-author of the script, to make this picture just now? There is black truth (indeed, far from its blackest) in this account of *fin-de-siècle* Italian labor oppression. My question is not about accuracy but opportuneness: why Monicelli wanted to make it at this moment and how he could recapture the glow of idealism, of Labor On The March, that infuses the picture. Are there no Jimmy Hoffas or Dave Becks in Italy? (Certainly, on the other side, there is at least one Olivetti, humanitarian if paternalistic.) This film goes back to a day when ideas, not facts, were more black and white; thus it has a rue that may not have been intended, a nostalgia that arises whenever any social movement has flourished so far as to become proprietary and plump. The Italian worker is hardly in paradise today, but he has come a long way from the riots, the mass shootings by police and army at the turn of the century. Perhaps the picture is intended as a chastener to the present-day labor leader, a "visitation to whet thy almost blunted purpose?"

Whatever its reason for existence, it has several intrinsic virtues. First, Mastroianni's performance. With Toshiro Mifune and a few others, he is among those film stars who are also fine actors. Like Mifune, he displays versatility without depending on it; that is, he does not put on a different face, assume eccentric characteristics, and expect to be bemedaled merely for that, merely because a handsome sex star has consented to appear unpretty. He seeks internals and relevances, whatever the external form. When he tumbles off the freight-train into this picture, he is a dirty, ragged, happy man, pursued by the police and having the time of his life, conscious that he looks ridiculous (the man, not the actor) but rich in sureties. The character grows: in iron, in guile, in the egotism required of zealots, in foible. It is a vivid portrait – unsmeared with third-class Moscow Art actorishness. There is also a scene which will comfort those who mourn that sustained acting is "impossible" in films. The speech in which Mastroianni rallies the wavering crowd to continue the strike is theatrical oratory at a high level, impossible without some sense of line, without adequate voice and fire.

The other actors, especially Folco Lulli as the gruff giant, Gabriella Giorgelli as his daughter, Renato Salvatori as the buck, are satisfyingly good. This is a Franco-Italian production and therefore contains some French actors (Annie Girardot, Bernard Blier, François Perier) who are also, we know, good, but are here egregiously dubbed in Italian. (The process sometimes occurs in reverse – Italians in French films – with no more felicitous results.) One could understand a French producer's insistence on having a big French star in a film to insure an investment at home, but what financial good does it do him to have, for instance, the estimable Blier in the cast? It would be a better film with an equally good Italian actor in Blier's role.

Monicelli's direction is inventive, con-

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trolled, understanding, particularly praiseworthy in its handling of that ancient cinematic bother – the time-lapse. In fact his direction is so good, in an old-fashioned unobtrusive way, that (like Duvivier's in *The Devil and the Ten Commandments*) it will probably go generally unmarked.

Advance word has been ample about the too-long-delayed *Bandits of Orgosolo*, the first fiction feature by the documentary director Vittorio de Seta. (Not De Sica.) He made a documentary about the shepherds of Orgosolo, an impoverished mountain village in Sardinia, and was so struck by their character and environment that he decided to explore them further in a neo-realistic fiction film made with local people. He spent more than a year among these taciturn men and came away with a picture that fixes a life, a place, a social condition.

Michele, a shepherd of about 30, tends his flock with his 12-year-old brother. (The roles are played by two shepherd-brothers.) By accident Michele becomes an innocent fugitive from the police. The story tells of his and his young brother's effort to save their small flock as they flee the *carabinieri*, hustling the sheep across mountains, hiding them in hollows, but finally losing them. He sends his brother down to live with relatives and accepts the role that fate and the police have forced on him: outlaw.

The pitfalls of sentimentality both in texture and story are nicely avoided. De Seta is so *concerned* with his materials that the beauty of the picture, while hardly accidental, is almost incidental. Michele's destiny is so clear from the moment he gets in trouble that that there is no attempt at irony; the story simply provides the rails on which the film runs. De Seta lacks Ermanno Olmi's breathtaking deftness and power of distillation; his film has none of the high lucidity of art *qua* art that is in *The Sound of Trumpets* and *The Fiancees*. But he too grows strongly and promisingly out of documentary schooling. His resources are sufficient so that he can afford sympathy without being boring or patronizing, and his film, in its chronicle of a fight to survive, has a base as rock-hard as its terrain. STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Everybody's Protest Play

> "Let us say, then, that truth, as used here, is meant to imply a devotion to the human being, his freedom and fulfillment; freedom which cannot be legislated, fulfillment which cannot be charted. This is the prime concern, the frame of reference; it is not to be confused with a devotion to Humanity which is too easily equated with a devotion to a Cause; and Causes, as we know, are notoriously bloodthirsty."
>
> – *Everybody's Protest Novel*

James Baldwin wrote these words 15 years ago in an essay which still stands as the *locus classicus* on the subject of protest fiction; I imagine they sometimes return to haunt him in his dreams. *Blues for Mr. Charlie*, certainly, is the embodiment of everything he once professed to deplore, being "notoriously bloodthirsty" propaganda of the crudest sort, with little existence either as truth, literature, or life. Uncontrolled, hysterical, self-indulgent, employing a clumsy flashback technique and proceeding by means of a surprisingly flabby rhetoric, it is a play of thumbs – fashioned, I would guess, to gouge the eyes of the audience.

Blues for Mr. Charlie
by James Baldwin
(Actors Studio Theater; Anta Theater)

It is well known that Baldwin has radically changed his conception of himself over the past few years, suppressing the private side of his character to become an Official Spokesman for a Cause. I have not been among those who admired him in this new role, but I never assumed the decision was easy – or even wholly avoidable, for it may be, as Irving Howe suggests, that the Negro writer cannot find "freedom and fulfillment" until he achieves his Cause. On the other hand, Baldwin's rage, formerly authentic and precise, has begun to seem increasingly mechanical, trumped-up, and free-floating, while his self-righteousness has been expressed at the cost of complexity and scruples. In this play, for example, he is – despite a usually delicate awareness of the deadening effect of racial abstractions – dedicated to perpetuating stereotypes, and doing so in a manner which can only create confusion or dissension. The characters have no life apart from narrow racial categories, and the categories themselves are based on prejudice and prejudgment.

No doubt, Baldwin's material is partly to blame. Any work inspired by the Emmett Till case is almost automatically destined to be a melodrama.

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Blues for Mr. Charlie, however, simplifies the historical events even further – the stage is given over literally to a conflict between black and white, or Blacktown versus Whitetown. It is the author's apparent conviction now that all white men are Mr. Charlie, the oppressor, for they are characterized either as sadists and supremacists, burning with hatred for Negro men and lust for Negro women, or as vacillating liberals who befriend the Negroes only to betray them when the chips are down. As for the Negro characters, they enjoy more noble racial stereotypes: the Uncle Tom who redeems himself by fingering the murderer after a lifetime of subservience to him; the integrationist minister who finally determines to keep a gun under his Bible, and fight the white man with his own weapons; the strongminded, white-haired grandmammy of the past generation who believes in pious passiveness; the angry hero who has returned from the North, furious at all the white women who have seduced him, to goad a Southern peckerwood into shooting him; the childhood sweetheart who is rather quixotically persuaded of the necessity for love ("I'm going to learn from Richard how to love! I won't let him die for nothing!") by the hero's angry life and violent death. Since many of these characters are also fixtures of the Broadway stage (Baldwin already manipulates theatrical clichés with the weariness of an experienced commercial dramatist), few of the actors are able to transcend the oppressive conventionality of their roles – though Al Freeman, Jr., is a handsome, vigorous actor, and Diana Sands has an affecting moment of grief – while Burgess Meredith, who directed the Actors Studio production, has been forced to give it the form of a mass meeting in a Union Hall, especially in the courtroom scene, where Black confronts White in angry turmoil, and witnesses detach themselves to deliver impassioned soliloquies downstage.

The most disappointing thing about the play, however, is not its aesthetic flatness but rather its moral and intellectual deficiency. Particularly depressing is Baldwin's curious insistence on the superiority of Negro sexuality, especially since this is a myth which the author himself once took pains to explode. You would never learn from *Blues for Mr. Charlie* that segregation has social, political, or economic roots; like Tennessee Williams, whose *Sweet Bird of Youth* his play occasionally resembles, Baldwin has determined that the major cause of anti-Negro feeling is sexual envy. This suggests something of the incredible chauvinism which permeates the work – a strain as virulent here as anything to be found in White Citizens' Councils, and even less honest, since Baldwin attempts to vindicate his own feelings by victimizing his characters. (One finds the same desire to make hatred look virtuous in Leroi Jones' *Dutchman* where the chauvinism and violence of the Negro protagonist are forced from him by a white woman who needles, provokes, and finally kills him – but the rage belongs to the author.) Here, for example, is Baldwin ventriloquizing through his hero, when he is crawling on the ground with three bullets in his belly: "White man! I don't want nothing from you. You ain't got nothing to give me! You can't eat because none of your sad-assed chicks can cook. You can't talk because won't nobody talk to you. You can't dance because you've got nobody to dance with. . . . Okay. Okay. Okay. Keep your old lady home, you hear? Don't let her near no nigger. She might get to like it. You might get to like it, too." In contrast with the "dried-up white women" and the "faggoty white boys," however, Baldwin's Negroes are all extraordinarily virile, courageous, passionate, and alive, even to the point of displaying, during a dance hall sequence, a natural sense of rhythm.

At this point, the healthiest thing for spectators of both races would be to rise up and repudiate these romantic fabrications, and loudly too; but since the theater audience is far from healthy, the play merely sinks the white spectator deeper into an impotent, self-defeating guilt. (An index of this is the

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cowardly way in which the play was received by the daily reviewers – to praise inferior art, simply because it is produced by a Negro, is to let guilt turn into an inverted form of prejudice.) Worse than this, the play attempts to lacerate an ugly rage in the heart of the colored spectator; *Blues for Mr. Charlie*, for all its conventional gestures towards love, emerges finally as an inflammatory broadside of race hatred which will profit nobody but the author. If we are locked in the stereotypes that Baldwin conceives, and Negro and White can confront each other only in mutual distrust and anger, then we will have to assume that the Negro "problem" is still too crude for the stage; but such a work as Atholl Fugard's *Blood Knot*, with its more controlled form and deeper understanding, proves there is nothing inevitable about these oppositions at all.

The fault, I am afraid, lies not in the "problem" but in the author. The very terms we use to criticize Baldwin were learned in his school, since it is he, along with Ralph Ellison, who did most to make the Negro visible as a complicated human being. But considering all that Baldwin once knew and wrote, it is difficult not to conclude that *Blues for Mr. Charlie* is more a work of provocation than conviction – the author has tasted power and is rolling that taste around on his tongue. The ultimate difficulty, then, is not a racial difficulty at all; it is the difficulty of the modern intellectual, torn between the way of influence and the way of truth. This conflict has driven more than one gifted individual of our time to a sorry abuse of his talents, as well as to that almost pathological frustration that often accompanies it; and I suspect that much of the exasperation in this play stems from Baldwin's inability to reconcile the private and public aspects of his character. Until he does, however, he has ceased to illuminate our consciousness. Early in his career, James Baldwin declared it his ambition to be "an honest man and a good writer." In *Blues for Mr. Charlie* he is neither. There, the complex man of sensibility has been totally absorbed by the simplistic man of power – and that constitutes what Baldwin himself once called "his corruption and our loss."

Robert Brustein

Correspondence

Mark the Glove Boy

Sirs:

I found Gerald W. Johnson's review of Mark Harris' *Mark the Glove Boy* (April 18) very revealing. But what it revealed was that Mr. Johnson either had not read the book or had read it so badly that he never discovered what it was about. Mr. Johnson identifies himself with the simple-minded reader, and this seems fair enough. But since when do we expect serious writers to address themselves to simple-minded readers?

Mr. Johnson complains that it took Mr. Harris two torturous months (and by implication 147 torturous pages) to reach a conclusion "that a reasonably intelligent office boy should have reached in twenty minutes." It would be irrelevant, I suppose, to remind Mr. Johnson that there must have been an awful lot of office boys incapable of reaching this conclusion for Nixon to have carried half the country in 1960. But it is not irrelevant to point out that Nixon's unworthiness to hold high public office is not the conclusion Mr. Harris comes to. It is the assumption he starts with. Much of the self-analysis Mr. Johnson finds so painful is concerned with trying to trace the attitudes which lead Mr. Harris into the dilemma whereby he would if he could but he can't be fair to Richard Nixon. Mr. Johnson, indeed, would have done well to have pondered the meaning of the epigraph he himself so aptly supplied Mr. Harris for *Mark the Glove Boy:* Justice . . . to a hated man is possible only to a moral athlete." Mr. Harris never claims to be a moral athlete.

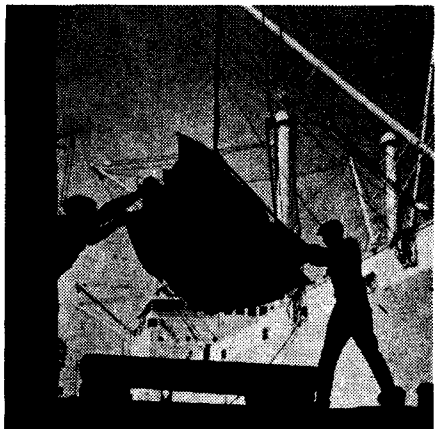
Consequently the book is chiefly autobiographical because Mr. Harris never intended it to be anything else. It is entitled, after all, *Mark the Glove Boy;* it is only subtitled *The Last Days of Richard Nixon.* That is, Mr. Harris was not trying to write a practical commentary on present politics, an analysis of issues and answers as it were; which is something Mr. Johnson might have found out for himself had he bothered to read the "Letter from the Author to the Reader." Mr. Harris was instead, I think, trying to account for a mood, an atmosphere if you will, which gives rise to our Richard Nixons and which eventually destroys them. He was acknowledging that an essentially irrational influence shares in the fashioning of our political life; and he was attempting to define that influence the best way he knew how: by seeking its roots within himself and within the Nixons.

Barton R. Friedman
University of Wisconsin

Academia Sexualis

Sirs:

Helen Arnold, in her letter in the April 18 issue of *The New Republic*, almost forces a self-contradiction to our attention: "Why advocate the use of contraceptive devices and pills? . . . Have you ever had an occasion to work with a girl whose 'psychological satisfaction' resulted in a pregnancy?" Is it simple-mindedness or insulation from reality to see the answer to the first



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question in the second?

If the shame associated with becoming pregnant while unmarried were enough to prevent premarital intercourse, then her desire to withhold contraceptive information might be justified. But by her own admission, this shame is not an effective deterrent – the girl did get pregnant.

It seems to me that this deterrent, when ineffective, becomes immoral. For to the problems arising from premarital sexual relationships (which do exist – from the good-night kiss on up) it adds those of pregnancy under shameful conditions (which are different from the preceding). Far more serious, it brings a child into a world which has no place for him. Should the hapless youth marry, unhappiness is almost certain and mental illness probable, perhaps among the marriage partners, more likely and more tragically, among the children. If the girl follows the wiser course of giving the child up for adoption, she still does not avoid the problem of surrendering a first child borne after a joyless pregnancy, or the problem of the social agency in finding a home for it.

Since shame over pregnancy before marriage is ineffective in preventing premarital intercourse, why not spread information about contraceptives to ameliorate some of the consequences of it?

David W. Ziegler
Cambridge, Mass.

Unpleasant Surprise

Sirs:

I was unpleasantly surprised to read in your April 25 issue ("Notes on the Revolution – Celebrity Boycott") that I allegedly agreed to substitute for Gary Graffman in a piano recital in Jackson after others refused to do so, and changed my mind only in the last moment. The facts, which a simple telephone call could have easily verified, are as follows: A couple of weeks before the Jackson date I replaced two sick artists in concerts in the West. When I was asked to substitute in Jackson I presumed that the circumstances were similar, and for all I knew the concert could have been at a Negro college. Only a day before I was scheduled to go to Jackson I was informed that it was Mr. Graffman's date, and that he voluntarily canceled because of the civil rights issue. I immediately canceled my own appearance and protested to the Artist Management for keeping me in the dark about the circumstances and for considering me a likely substitute.

By stating that all other artists unhesitatingly refused (as far as I know no one else was approached before me) while I, an Israeli, vacillated, Mr. DeMuth is not only distorting the facts but contributing to the attitude that makes attacks by Negro teen-agers on Jewish children in Brooklyn possible. He is also inexplicably bashful about mentioning that a pianist did finally fill the date, and that he was the German Hans Richter-Haaser.

The sooner the civil rights movement realizes who its friends and who its enemies are, the sooner the fight will be won.

David Bar-Illan
New York, N.Y.

Cultural Centers

Sirs:

In his most perceptive article on theater at the new Lincoln Center, Robert Brustein fails to come to grips with the underlying fallacy behind all such "cultural centers" – namely that good theater (or music, or opera, or any art) comes from within the artist, and *not* from fancy (and often hideous) new buildings. It is not the building that will give us good productions; it is people, talented and free to express themselves as artists. Just as good teaching does not necessarily come from the new gleaming buildings, so good art does not need new exteriors to be good. It would be far wiser to subsidize the playwrights, composers, actors, directors, conductors, etc., rather than the buildings (which are, incidentally, very heavily subsidized). We must work from within, not from without.

Jacques Chwat
New York City

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